Vol 7 The War Illustrated N° 175

SIXPENCE Edited by Sir John Hammerton MARCH 3, 1944

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD YUGOSLAV GIRL FIGHTER credited with killing 20 Germans; she is standing before a portrait of her leader, Marshal Tito, while recovering in an Allied rest-camp in Italy from wounds received battling with the Nazis in Yugoslavia. Camps take many such partisans, of both sexes and all ages; restored to health, they are trained by battle experts before returning to continue the fight for liberation in their native land. Of Marshal Tito's army of 200,000 nearly a quarter are women, all fierce and fearless campaigners. See also p. 618.

Photo, Planet News

Our Roving Camera Visits the War Factories

CLOGS WITHOUT COUPONS are being made for certain women war workers, a group of whom here try on their new Utility footwear. The clogs, with leather uppers and wooden soles, cost 13s. 3d. a pair, are smart in appearance and comfortable to wear. Special distribution is made to girls engaged in heavy outdoor work for which ordinary shoes prove unsuitable; the clogs are designed for abnormal conditions.

PAUSE IN PLANE MAKING for a cup of tea at a large aircraft factory where every amenity for the workers is provided; in the background is a fighter in process of assembly. Cake and tea trolleys are wheeled to every department at the 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. breaks, and the employees can buy those welcome refreshments to help them through a long and tiring shift.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS are being made and repaired by Polish ex-Servicemen in a factory in the grounds of Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, London. When the war is ended the men will return to Poland to continue in the same work. Some 3,374 artificial limbs, from all sources, have so far been supplied to Forces casualties in this war, and 1,593 to civilians.

GRINDING THE CARBON that burns in our searchlights is a specialized job in this London workshop. The emery stones used for the grinding are so hard that it is not practical to fashion each one separately, so pieces are arranged in a jig-saw pattern to form a large millstone (above), the spaces between being filled with molten spelter, a zinc alloy.

IN THE WELDING SCHOOL (left) of a large factory near London soldiers are taught to become expert workmen. Here they are using oxy-acetylene torches in the butt welding process, which entails the placing of two plates or surfaces of metal together, edge to edge, and welding along the seams. Note the goggles protecting workers' eyes from sparks and the fierce glare. The butt welding method is an effective and speedy means of carrying out many repair jobs of a military nature, and the training the men receive will provide a valuable start in a new career when they return to civil life. Men shown in the photograph are U.S. personnel.

Photos, Keystone, Sport & General, Fox, Daily Mirror

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

RUSSIA When I last wrote the Russian Leningrad offensive had for the time being diverted attention from the southern front. There the second wave of von Manstein's counter-attacks east of Vinnitsa had not only brought Vatutin's central drive towards Zhmerinka to a standstill, but had compelled it to give ground a little. Moreover, communiqués gave no information as to the situation either of Vatutin's right or left offensives, and it was generally assumed that they also had been brought to a halt.

Some critics suggested that Vatutin had made a mistake in striking in three divergent directions, instead of concentrating his blows on what appeared to be the most important objective. Personally, I believed that Vatutin was, in the circumstances, probably right; partly, because, he was adding to von Manstein's difficulty in using his reserves, and partly I thought a great concentration of Russian forces in any one direction might overtax their indifferent communications. On the other hand, I expected that Vatutin would renew his offensive after a pause to close up his reserves of men and material.

I was confident that Vatutin, a general of great capacity who has especially shown his skill in co-ordinating offensive and defensive action, had the situation in hand. What form his offensive would take was naturally speculative, but it seemed improbable that he would immediately renew his drive towards Zhmerinka, to cover which von Manstein had concentrated his reserves and where his railway communication still remained good. Co-operation with Koniev's Army against the Kanyev salient seemed to offer great possibilities. It was doubtful, however, whether on his right Vatutin would have sufficient resources to do more than maintain pressure towards Rovno, and possibly co-operate with Rokossovsky's Army in clearing the Pripet Marshes towards Pinsk.

These seemed to be reasonable expectations, but once again Vatutin has far exceeded them. The Germans, who might have taken advantage of Vatutin's pause to extricate themselves from their precarious position at Kanyev and Smyela, decided for some reason difficult to understand to chance their arm, and Koniev and Vatutin have neatly amputated it at the shoulder. It is difficult to believe that Hitler alone was responsible for the decision to hold on to Kanyev till too late. That would imply an unbelievable lack of moral courage on the part of the German General Staff. I suspect, rather, that the General Staff over-estimated the degree to which the Russians had outrun their resources and the difficulties they were in owing to abnormal weather.

Von Manstein's success in halting Vatutin's central drive may have helped to mislead them. Be that as it may, the speed with which Vatutin and Koniev carried out their surgical operation, in spite of the unfavourable state of the operating theatre, was so remarkable that it raises the question whether the Russians have evolved a technique or designed a vehicle which to some extent defeats mud. The later success of the third Ukrainian Army at Nikopol, in which there has also been rapid exploitation, would almost suggest that they must have. If they have, German hopes of a respite during the spring thaw may prove unfounded.

It is, of course, impossible to get really reliable information as to the state of the ground. The Germans certainly complain of it, and it is adding to their difficulties; but frost at night may temporarily improve conditions and offer advantages to the Russians, who hold the initiative. What is certain is that where the Germans have lost their railway communications, as in the case of the ten Divisions of the 8th Army and of the 6th Army in the Nikopol region, they are deprived of the advantage they previously held over the Russians.

THE success of Vatutin's right-hand thrust into Poland, resulting in the capture of Rovno and Luck, was more unexpected than his co-operative offensive with Koniev. It would seem to imply that von Manstein must have denuded this part of his front of reserves for his Vinnitsa counter-attacks. Cavalry and other lightly-armed troops in this case gave the thrust mobility and power of operating off the roads, and their penetration could only have been checked by mobile troops.

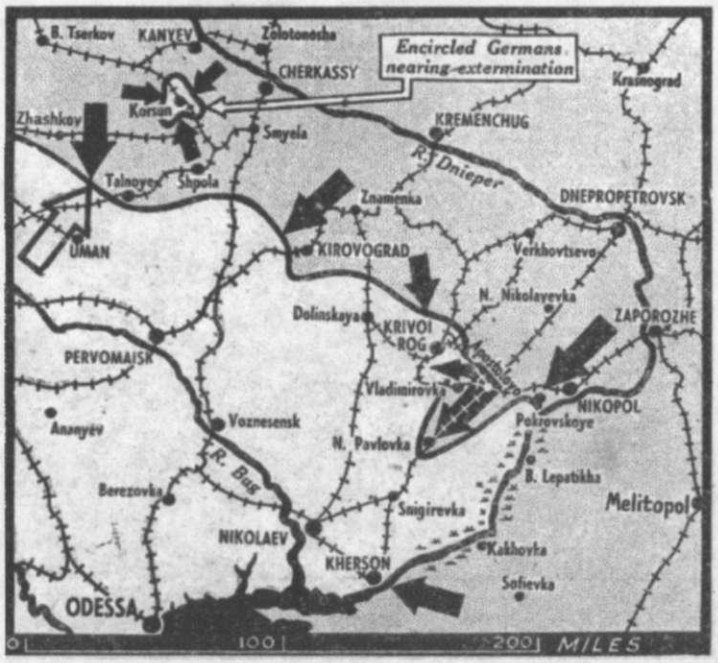
The fact that reserves apparently were not available and that the defence of important key points was entrusted to Hungarian troops of doubtful reliability demonstrates the weakness of von Manstein's position. The Lvov-Odessa railway is now threatened at a new point, and even the vital railway centre of Lvov itself, with its railway connexions to Rumania, is coming into the danger zone. It seems probable that von Manstein may have to weaken his Vinnitsa concentration to meet the threat, and thus afford Vatutin an opportunity of renewing his drive towards Zhmerinka. It is evident that the whole southern front is crumbling and that the Germans, with insufficient reserves to retrieve the situation, must pin their hopes of escaping further disaster on an early spring thaw to check pursuit of an inevitable retreat.

NEW MOBILE MORTAR used by Nazis on the Eastern Front. It differs from the German combination ground mortar which throws rocket shells in that it has 10 barrels instead of 6, and is mounted on a version of semi-track type lorry. *Photo, News Chronicle*

Meantime, in the north the outlook for the Germans is almost equally serious. They have suffered a great defeat, but at the time I am writing they may escape its catastrophic consequences if they can hold open the escape avenue through Luga a little longer and can prevent an invasion of Estonia through the Narva defile.

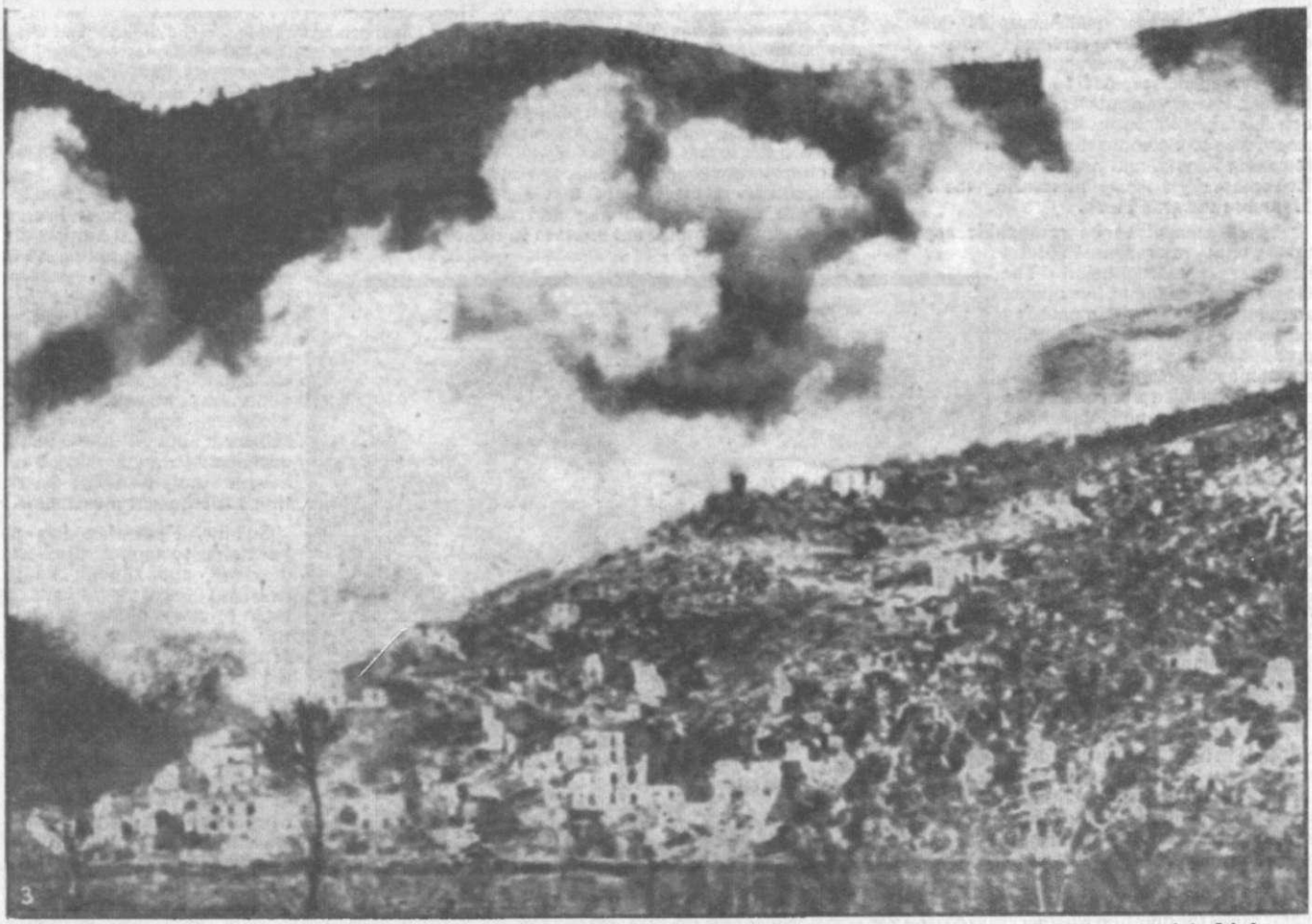
ITALY The failure of the Anzio-Nettuno landings to achieve immediate sensational results has undoubtedly caused disappointment, and there has been criticism of the Allied Command on the grounds that plans are too rigid and methods too stereotyped. But in amphibious operations plans must necessarily follow a much more rigid programme than in normal land campaigns, and they must be drawn up in detail before transports are stowed and troops embarked. Moreover, once made they cannot be radically changed without great danger of causing confusion and delays. In this case the weakness of the opposition encountered could not have been foreseen, and Kesselring's dispatch of his reserves from Rome to his southern front was not known at the time the troops embarked. Probably by changes of plan when the situation was known, temporary successes might have been achieved; but it must remain questionable whether they would have seriously disturbed Kesselring's subsequent movements.

So far, Kesselring has not been able to mount a full-scale offensive, and though he has delivered fierce local attacks, their primary object probably was defensive—the elimination of the offensive potentialities of the landed force. Naturally he must also have envisaged the possibility of gaining a decisive victory should circumstances develop favourably for him, and he evidently took full advantage of the opportunity presented when weather temporarily grounded our air-arm. He has, however, been compelled not only to commit his reserves, but to call in reinforcements from other theatres. That in itself is no mean achievement and may have been one of the main objects of the Allied landing.



LIQUIDATION OF THE GERMAN 8TH ARMY in the Korsun pocket was completed on Feb. 17, 1944 and is indicated by converging black arrows (top left). Up to the last, German relief attempts had been maintained without success. Other important Russian movements are those shown in the Krivoi Rog and Kherson regions. *Courtesy of The Daily Mail*

5th Army's Two Fronts in the Battles for Rome



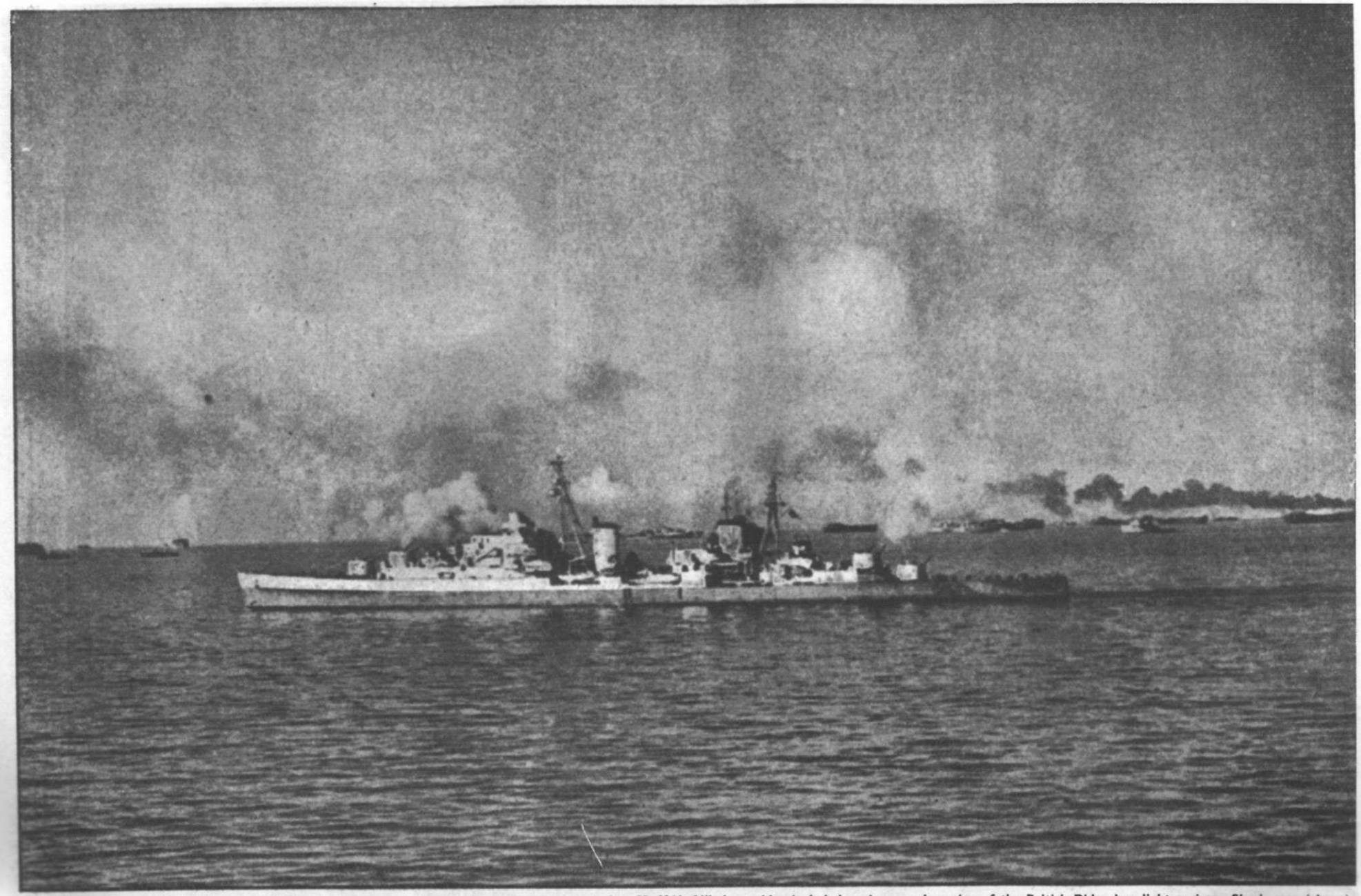
IN THEIR ADVANCE along a road north of Anzio, shortly after the Allied landing on the west coast of Italy on Jan. 22, 1944, troops of the 5th Army were preceded by Sherman tanks, behind one of which (1) a British section moves up; past Anzio's buildings reduced by our naval guns, Adm. Sir John Cunningham, K.C.B., M.V.O., C.-in-C. Mediterranean (2, right) picks his way accompanied by Rr.-Adm. Lowry, U.S. Navy. Key-town on the main 5th Army front and barring the way to Rome, Cassino, through which Allied troops were fighting street by street on Feb. 15, is shattered by terrific artillery fire (3).

Photos, British and U.S. Official

Nazis Suffer Greatest Defeat Since Stalingrad

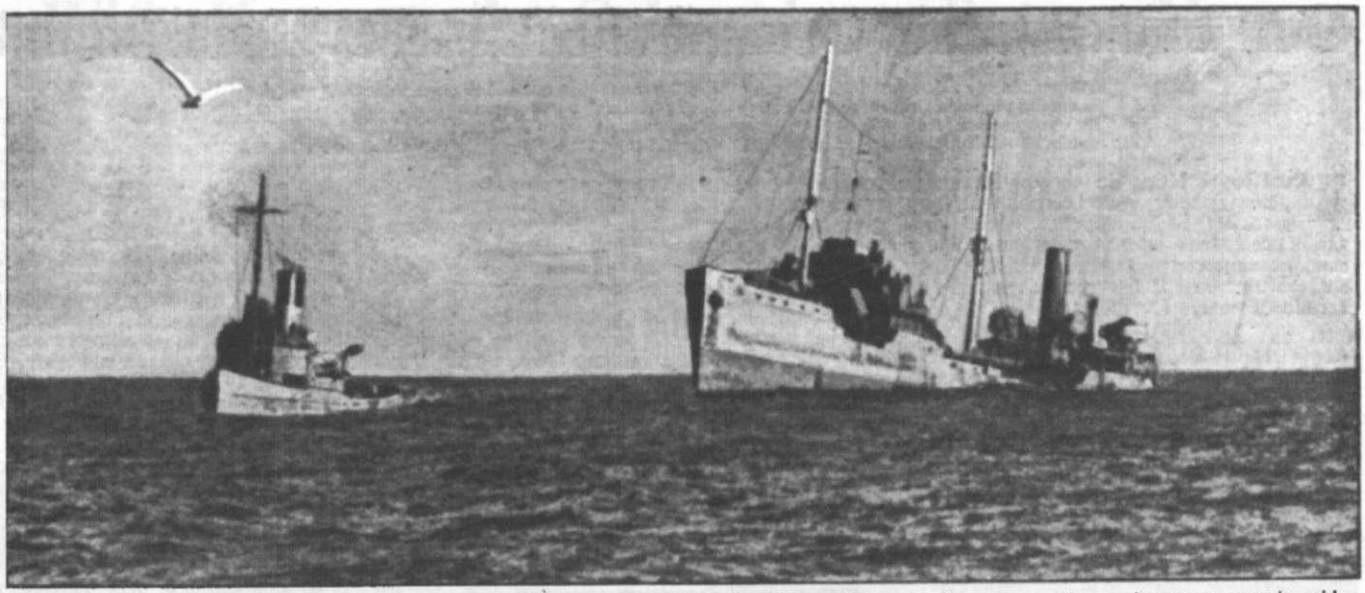
ROWS OF GERMAN DEAD and shattered equipment (1) belonged to 10 German divisions trapped by the Red Army in the Kanyev pocket in the Dnieper Bend; the encirclement was announced on Feb. 3, 1944; and by Feb. 17 annihilation of these divisions had been completed. Russian engineers (2) mined "escape" bridges behind the enemy, for whom supplies were dropped (3) from Nazi planes. In Estonia, Red Army patrols in winter camouflage (4) pushed on towards the Narva key-point.

Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News



COVERING THE FIFTH ARMY LANDING on the west coast of Italy, south of Rome, on Jan. 22, 1944, Allied warships included an improved version of the British Dido class light cruiser. She is seen (above) with her guns blazing away at the distant shore, from which dense clouds of shell-smoke rise, whilst landing craft move in to the beach. Ahead went minesweepers, clearing the sea approaches. British, American, French, Greek and Dutch ships all supported this operation, and considerable credit is due to the navigators who guided the armada of landing craft to the right places on what is a difficult stretch of coast. With little delay after the landing a smooth shuttle-service of ships, carrying more men and supplies, was in full swing. **See story in p. 601.**

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



H.M. RESCUE TUG FIREFLY towing a merchant vessel which has been torpedoed. When ships are in distress around our shores, or even in mid-Atlantic, the rescue tugs, which are under direct Admiralty command, go out from Britain to the rescue. They cover thousands of miles in all weathers and are often attacked by the enemy. One tug is always in readiness in each of the ports from which this service operates. *Photo, British Official*

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

THOUGH less detailed than some previous statements, the joint announcement on the progress of the U-boat war during January, issued under the authority of the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt, was nevertheless satisfactory. Its most encouraging feature was the definite news that more enemy submarines were destroyed during January than in December, in spite of the limited opportunities afforded for encounters owing to the extreme caution exercised by the U-boats. "Unrelenting action by our surface and air forces" is given as the key to this enhanced success.

An example of this unrelenting action was furnished this month. When four U-boats emerged from French Atlantic ports recently, each was in turn located and attacked by aircraft of the Coastal Command as it traversed the Bay of Biscay on the surface. At least one of the four is believed to have been seriously damaged by depth charges dropped from the air, while the others were forced to submerge and may also have sustained injuries. This constant liability to be attacked from overhead, whenever they appear on the surface, is bound to have a detrimental effect on the morale and general efficiency of the German submarine service.

THAT the enemy have very deep respect for the ample protection now afforded to shipping is shown by the experience of a convoy of 148 ships that recently reached North African ports from this country without loss or damage. Apart from big troop convoys, such as those assembled for the invasion of Sicily, or for the North African landings of November 1942, this was the largest convoy that has yet been seen at sea. It covered some 70 square miles of ocean, and would thus appear to have afforded an ideal target for the German "wolf-pack" method of attack. Yet on only three occasions was there even a suspicion of U-boats being in the vicinity; and though depth charges were at once dropped by the ships of the escort in order to test the situation, no trace of the enemy was found. At one stage of the passage four German bombers made a half-hearted attack, but they were easily driven off, suggesting that the enemy's boasts of a new system of co-operation between aircraft and submarines do not amount to much.

That the Germans themselves are not insensible to these facts may be judged from the reply made by a U-boat captain to a welcoming speech broadcast as he entered an Atlantic port of France. He is reported to have declared: "We have not been spared anything on this cruise. We have had heavy seas, furious gales, enemy aircraft, bombs, depth charges and shell fire." Apparently he considered himself to be lucky to have survived all these hazards.

ESCORT Vessels Summoned by Radio to Attack U-Boats

Nor is there any prospect of the U-boats obtaining a respite. The construction of escort ships of every description is now at the peak, including fast destroyers, sloops, frigates, corvettes, minesweepers, trawlers and the light craft which we call motor-launches and the Americans class as submarine chasers. Particulars of these types are scanty, but in speed they vary from the 36-40 knots of the destroyer to the 17 knots of the corvette or the 12 knots of the trawler. As ocean-going submarines are capable of 21 knots on the surface, the faster ships are naturally the more effective, but all have done their part nobly. In narrow waters, such as the English Channel, coastal convoys can be quite well protected by the light craft, which are unsuitable by reason of their limited fuel capacity for ocean voyages. Aircraft, either those of the Fleet Air Arm borne in carriers, or their opposite numbers of the Coastal Command based on shore, are used to patrol the area of sea through which a convoy is passing, and to attack with depth charges any U-boat that may be sighted. Escort vessels called to the scene by radio may then be able to complete her destruction if damaged, or at least ensure that she is kept below the surface and so rendered incapable of reaching the convoy. Under water, few submarines can make more than 9 knots, and this only for a limited time.

LESS has been heard in this country of the Royal New Zealand Navy than of any of the other Dominion Services. Though its present title was assumed as recently as September 1941, it is over 30 years old, the original organization having been started in 1913. During the last war two small New Zealand warships, the light cruisers Psyche and Pyramus, did good work in various quarters, including the escort of convoys across the Indian Ocean, the patrolling of the East African coast and of the Persian Gulf, and the occupation of sundry Pacific islands that formerly belonged to Germany. H.M.S. New Zealand, a battle-cruiser whose cost was defrayed by the Dominion, became famous as the result of her participation in the Battles of Heligoland, the Dogger Bank and Jutland. She did not receive a single serious hit, for which immunity the ship's company gave credit to the Maori regalia worn by the captain. It consisted of a grass cloak and a stone tiki, or charm, which had belonged years earlier to a celebrated Maori chief who was regarded as invulnerable.

In the present war the R.N.Z.N. has grown in the number of its personnel from a little over 700 officers and men to the present figure of 9,000. This is the highest percentage of population of any Dominion, and is possibly due to the fact that New Zealand is an island nation. In the executive branch the majority of the officers come from the Royal N.Z. Naval Reserve or the Royal N.Z. Naval Volunteer Reserve.

A NEW ZEALAND cruiser, H.M.S. Achilles, took part in the Battle of the Plate, when the German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Spee was decisively defeated by three ships which in theory she ought to have been able to sink one after the other. Another, the Leander, participated in sinking the raider Coburg in the Indian Ocean in May 1941.

New Zealand warships have also been engaged in various actions in the south-west Pacific. It was H.M.N.Z. corvette Tui that destroyed the biggest Japanese submarine on record, a vessel of 2,563 tons, as officially announced on October 1, 1943. Another Japanese submarine was rammed and sunk by H.M.N.Z. corvette Moa off Cape Esperance.

The material strength of the Royal New Zealand Navy today is greater than it has ever been. It includes the 8,000-ton cruiser Gambia, mounting twelve 6-in. guns: the cruisers Achilles and Leander, of over 7,000 tons, each armed with eight 6-in. guns; the corvettes Kiwi and Tui, built at Leith and delivered since war began; three groups of trawlers, one of the Isles type, one of the Castle type and the third built in New Zealand shipyards; the armed merchant cruiser Monowai, a vessel of over 10,000 tons gross with a speed of 18·5 knots. Two British-built corvettes, the Arabis and Arbutus, are to be taken over this year.

Our Underwater 'Commandos' Strike Hard Inland

Tremendously efficient are the men who "run" our submarines, and because underwater warfare is among the most dangerous of enterprises it is essentially a young man's job. Our submariners do not confine themselves to the torpedoing of enemy ships, as JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON points out. On occasion, and with great success, they shell Axis airfields, trains and viaducts.

THE Royal Navy, in the quiet manner that is theirs, have been building up one of the biggest and finest submarine fleets the world has ever seen. Every man is an expert at his task, and before being sent to a "boat" has received a training excelled nowhere for thoroughness.

It can now be revealed that R.N.V.R. (Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve) are taking charge of submarines. After serving for three years with our underwater "commandos," and learning the secrets of "The Trade," as submariners call their art, and having proved their leadership, those fortunate enough to attract official attention have been recommended for—or have taken—commands.

Many of these youngsters—the men of the "Second String" subs, as I have heard them called—have joined forces with such successful veterans as Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.O. (and two Bars), D.S.C., and Commander A. G. Mars, a "young veteran" who, over the past few months, has shown himself to be among the greatest leaders in "The Trade." Such men as these are always setting the new captains a lesson in patience, tactics, and courage. To their credit the youthful commanders and crews are quick to learn.

COMMANDER BRYANT is a great believer in the small submarine, and aboard such craft he himself has been most successful. He stated recently: "The small submarine may have a short radius of action, and be slow on the surface, but it has fine lines which tend to reduce its wake—the deadly enemy of the submarine whether on the surface, or submerged.

"It also has great tactical qualities," Commander Bryant continued. "When a submarine is submerged its speed is limited to the lowest possible. With an enemy zig-zagging at high speed you want to be able to turn quickly, too, during an attack, since the submarine is a torpedo tube which has herself to be trained on the enemy.

"I am a great believer in using the submarine as a submersible gunboat," the Commander went on, with a smile, "for in this type of action the submarine usually has things very much its own way. It can choose the range, the weather gauge, the advantage of the light, and it can exploit surprise and break off the action whenever it likes."

YOUNG commanders who have studied under Commander Ben Bryant have often put his ideas into practice, and during the Mediterranean campaign many Italian ships were known to beach themselves rather than risk running the gauntlet of our submarines.

One youthful commander chased a ship so close inshore that he ran aground and through his periscope saw a horse and trap less than fifty yards away, and the town's fire engines rushing about! The Italians even stated that our daring submariners, during the hours of darkness, sometimes swam ashore, walked around on the beach, then swam back to their "boat," as a submarine is always called in the Senior Service.

According to neutral sources, too, the German coastal defenders in Norway are now, following a certain incident, always looking out for "underwater commandos." Not so long ago, on Blekeoya Island, near Oslo, a letter to "Corporal Hitler" was found pinned by a British naval dagger to the door of a fisherman's cottage. It read: "You said we won't succeed in landing on the European mainland. Now you can see we've been here—and we can promise to come back again!" It was signed "Tommy Hawkins, submarine officer." This story was circulated all over Norway by the underground newspaper "X Y Z," and did much to put heart into those beneath the Nazi jackboot.

Sometimes our submarines have followed convoys into harbour, "rested" on the bed for some hours, then, surfacing, have taken a heavy toll of ships and surrounding harbour works. Other submarines have shelled Axis airfields, railway trains, and viaducts.

Two young commanders—I keep stressing "young" because I am referring not to the veteran aces but newcomers to this most dangerous of all war tasks—kept watch upon a line of Italian railway track that ran over a certain viaduct. Carefully they

Lieut.-Cmdr. L. W. A. BENNINGTON, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., who commanded a submarine of the Eastern Fleet which recently sank a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class in the northern approaches of the Malacca Strait. Here he is seen looking through the periscope of H.M.S. submarine Porpoise.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

compiled a time-table. Then, at the right moment they opened fire on two trains that were passing, inflicting tremendous damage on these munition carriers as well as wrecking the viaducts and firing oil storage tanks. Next morning, to make certain that the report they handed H.Q. would be accurate in every detail, the two commanders went in close to the shore and checked up details!

MANY of the young men who help to make up the crews of our submarines possess the traditional Nelson spirit, and nothing affords them greater pleasure than being a member of a boarding party. I have had the pleasure of meeting many who have taken part in our underwater sea war, and it is a tonic to hear them talk of their beloved skippers and boats.

"I remember when I went aboard a tug we had 'captured,'" a youth from Swansea told me. "When we surfaced all the Italians jumped overboard and began to swim towards us. I reckon we might have put a prize crew aboard, only enemy planes and E-boats were in the vicinity. Anyway, after making sure she would go down we returned to our boat and took aboard the Italians. And—would you believe it?—some of the Wops were so keen at the way we worked they said they'd like to join us if the Admiralty would let 'em!"

This particular seaman, who had served aboard some of the best-known submarines in the Royal Navy, has heard hundreds of depth charges explode around him, and his views of the subject make interesting reading. "I'll confess that depth charges always give me a funny feeling in my stomach," he said "No, I'm not exactly frightened—but I don't feel too pleased with life. Mind you, we do try to take our minds off the business. Chaps sometimes run a sweep as to the number of depth charges that will be flung at us. Others prefer to read thrillers. And, of course, we heave a big sigh of relief when it is all over. Coming face to face with death breeds a terrific respect within us all for the fellows with whom we live, work, and fight. That is why I wouldn't change from a submarine for anything."

I HAVE heard hundreds of submariners express similar sentiments, and this, as much as anything else, accounts for their high standard of efficiency.

Quite a number of our Mediterranean submarines operated from Malta. In two years one flotilla sank more than 80 Axis ships, including two battleships torpedoed; four, possibly five, cruisers were sunk and several more damaged; eight destroyers were sunk; 70 merchant ships, including six liners, were sunk and others damaged. During this period they were under the command of Captain G. W. W. Simpson, C.B.E., and altogether sank about half a million tons of supplies destined for the Axis armies in Africa.

When Malta was heavily blitzed the Germans made a point of plastering the flotilla's base, over 400 bomb-hits being registered. At this stage it was impossible to carry out maintenance, so a special squad of repair crews was formed. When a submarine returned from patrol an extra crew took over and the regular crew went to a rest camp on the George Cross Island.

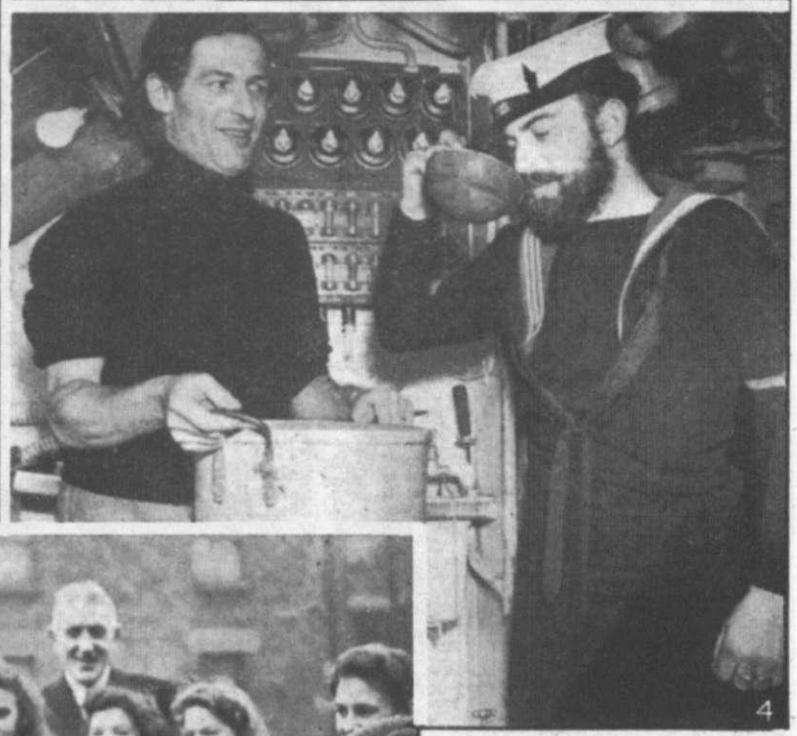
The repair crew took the submarine out to sea and then, by lying on the bottom during the day and coming to the surface at night, carried out the necessary maintenance and, returning to base, handed the boat over to the regular crew when the task was completed. And the underwater offensive continued.

IT was during one of these blitzes that a British submarine commander had one of his most amusing experiences. Following the torpedoing of an armed trawler, he went up to periscope depth—and found, only a few yards away, an Italian seaman, on a raft, shaking his fist at the periscope. The submarine surfaced, took aboard the Italian, and found him to be a most "charming" person. But he did not know he had been seen threatening us with his fist. Only when he was landed at Malta was he acquainted with this fact. He almost ran into the detention camp!

Our submarines paved the way for many of our Middle East victories. And in offensives to come, when they will again be prominent, our underwater "commandos" will find their ranks swelled by more young men. As Rear-Admiral Claude Barry, Flag Officer Commanding Submarines, said recently: "In the very near future British submarines will be working in greater numbers in close association with those of the United States against the long and vulnerable sea communications of the hastily-constructed Japanese Empire." They can be relied upon.

With Honours the Submariners Return Home

VETERANS OF THE DEEPS are H.M. submarines Seraph, Rorqual and Unrivalled. The Seraph (1) was used in the secret landing of General Mark Clark, C.-in-C. 5th Army, on the Algerian coast when he made contact with pro-Allied French leaders and prepared the way for the landing in N. Africa on Nov. 8, 1942. An Able Seaman of the Rorqual (2), helped by a Petty Officer, packs before going on leave ; Rorqual has laid more than 1,200 mines in enemy supply routes and has sunk 40,000 tons of shipping and one U-boat. London school children, who have "adopted" the Unrivalled, are seen (3) with the submarine's crew and her Jolly Roger ; among other exploits Unrivalled brought to Malta a convoy of eight Italian ships which had surrendered to her unconditionally.



'THIS SOUP'S GOOD!' says a bearded seaman to the Petty Officer cook as he tastes it hot in the galley of H.M. submarine Trident (4), just docked at a northern harbour after a 26,000 miles operational cruise, which in twelve months has taken her from the North Cape to the Malacca Straits. In Feb. 1942 she attacked and damaged the 10,000-ton German cruiser Prinz Eugen. During her last commission the Trident operated with five different flotillas and sank or severely damaged some 17,000 tons of enemy shipping ; men of varied pre-war professions were among her personnel. The First Lieutenant was a lawyer, the Third Officer an Australian medical student, the Fourth Officer a metallurgical chemist. Her total "bag" since the outbreak of war is 60,000 tons. The Trident has been "adopted" by schoolchildren of Dursley, Gloucestershire.

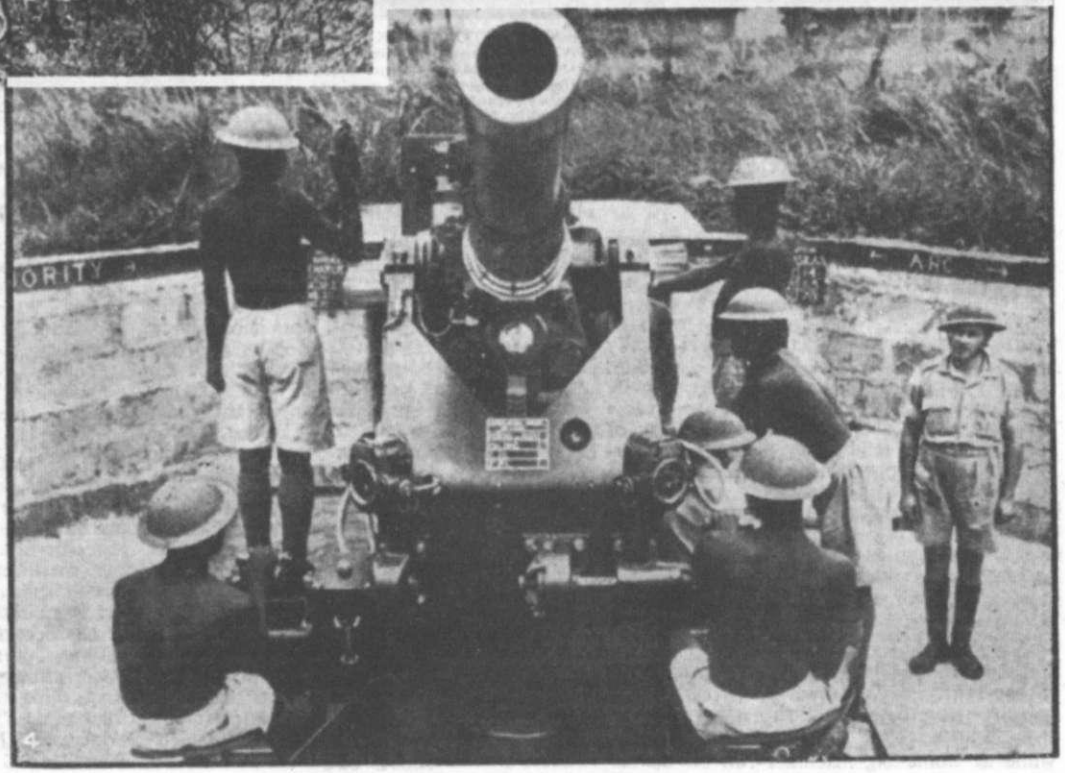
Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright ; Evening News

Yugoslav Partisans Out-Match the Wehrmacht

IN THEIR VALIANT STRUGGLE against the Germans, Yugoslav partisans under Marshal Tito (2, left) continue to achieve triumphs of arms, retaking the two important towns of Vakuf and Kupres, near Sarajevo, Western Bosnia (reported on Feb. 6, 1944). In snow-clad mountains (1) Tito's men rest awhile ; a patrol (4) goes in search of the enemy. At an Allied camp in Italy women partisans train in realistic battle conditions (3), increasing their skill as warriors before returning to Yugoslavia. See pp. 524-5, 609.

Photos, U.S. Official, Planet News

Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 2—E. Africa



FINE FIGHTERS and disciplined soldiers, native troops of East Africa took a notable part in the memorable campaigns in British and Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia, and such men as these manning a heavy anti-aircraft gun (4) are now serving in Ceylon and India. At an East African Army Engineers' Training Centre courses for native recruits include barbed wire defence erection (2), bridge and road construction.

Kenya Information Officers arrange for chiefs, such as this one of the Masai tribe (1), and relatives to broadcast from Nairobi messages to those serving overseas. On the day fighting ended in North Africa, Wakikuyu tribesmen (3) from a reserve outside Nairobi came into the town; they were especially interested in large-scale maps of North Africa and Russia.

East Africa supplies the Allies with many valuable war materials, including pyrethrum (base for insecticides used in anti-malaria work), sisal in place of Manila hemp, and cotton. Wheat, maize and barley are also supplied in large quantities. Vegetables, dehydrated on the spot, are sent to Middle East Forces.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

These Vital Days Before the Great Assault

Softening-up of the enemy for the great Second Front progresses swiftly and inexorably. The nature of all our high-speed measures and preparations cannot be divulged in full, but FRANK S. STUART reveals here things the enemy already knows, and some of the results our actions have had and are having on the objects of our immediate and devastating attention.

As the date for the Second Front draws nearer, the activity on our airfields facing the Continent becomes feverish. Daily greater numbers of fighters, fighter-bombers and photographic reconnaissance machines take off and touch down; the problem of controlling this vast traffic and maintaining contact with it during operations is providing some headaches and affording invaluable practice for future civil airport officials.

I am disclosing no secret when I say that our major effort is directed against German communications by rail, road and canal inland of the "invasion coast." When we attack, if the Germans cannot switch powerful forces of tanks, men and guns swiftly from point to point, they will have to retreat to a place where such communications exist. Obviously our plan is to disrupt such communications as far back as possible.

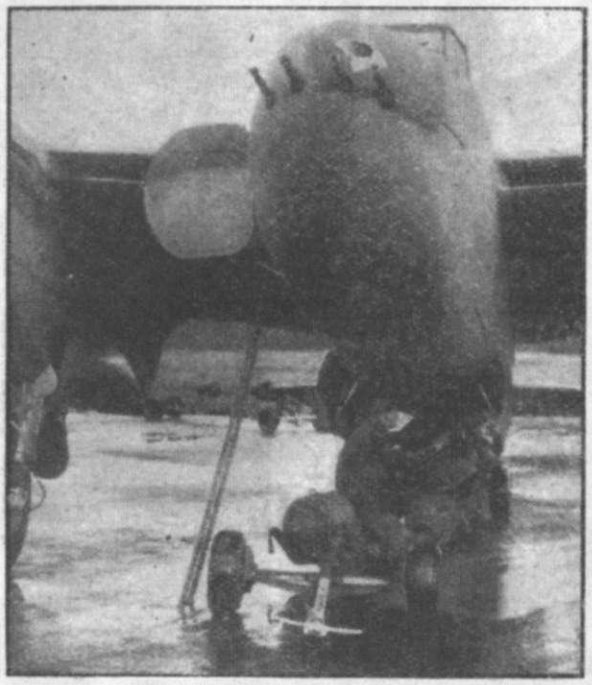
SPECIALIST airmen go out by day and night picking off locomotives and wrecking goods trains, tunnels, rail, road and water bridges, electric transformers, and other objects. During the past year about 1,000 enemy locomotives have been knocked out; one machine on a single sortie has often got three, and a squadron once wrecked 34 in two moonlight nights. Now our machines often have to hang about for a long time waiting for trains. Steam trains are spotted in moonlight by their plume of white smoke, electric trains by flashes from the line. The raider tries to put a cannon shell or two into the engine, either bursting the boiler or damaging some other vital part. Drivers usually slow down and jump for it immediately they hear an aircraft circling overhead.

Shells hitting electric engines or rails give off vivid flashes of coloured light. Transformers struck by a burst of fire give off violent displays of colour. Petrol trains, the raiders' favourite target, go up in a flaming rush of yellow fire. Ammunition trains break up in a long series of explosions. Anti-aircraft guns on many of the trains add to the illuminations with long streamers of coloured tracers. As it is necessary to go down to 500 feet or so to ensure hitting an engine, some risk has to be taken.

JUST when pilot and observer are watching the train, too, is a favourite second for a German aircraft to dive out of a cloud and attack from behind. Those who fail to keep a sharp lookout often don't need to watch anything any more. Fighter-bombers usually attend to bridges, perhaps with a 250-lb. bomb. Bridges are almost always heavily guarded with flak; as one needs to go low to have a fair chance of a hit, the task of attacking them is not very pleasant. Nevertheless, many enemy bridges are smashed up every month, with consequent traffic dislocation over a wide area. A tendency of hunted trains to dart into tunnels and stay there in safety has been countered recently by planes carrying a couple of medium bombs and sealing in both ends of a tunnel when the train is hiding inside.

Very great activity has been going on recently in obtaining photographs for the Second Front. As many as 10,000 aerial pictures have been taken in a single day by the Photographic Reconnaissance Units, while at home big machines run off up to 1,000 prints an hour. Experts with magnifying glasses and a lot of special apparatus then analyze the pictures and make reports on the stories these tell, before fitting them into mosaics that provide thousands of photographic maps of vital districts ready for area commanders of the Second Front attacks.

THE Germans are magnificent camouflage experts—their only fault is that sometimes they are too thorough, and make their dummy villages (that perhaps hide aerodromes) a little too truly rural, with runways as roads, hangars as hayricks or farm buildings, and real cows walking about. But even the best camouflage is hard put to it to hide tell-tale marks from modern British and American cameras. A dark smudge on grassland tells where marching men have passed; faint crisscross lines show bruised grass from tank-tracks or lorry wheels even after the grass has straightened up and looks normal from ground-level.



THRICE-ARMED TO CRACK THE ENEMY is this fighter-bomber version of the Mosquito, world's fastest twin-engined aircraft which already has done much to smash German rail communications, and is likely to play a considerable part in the coming great assault in the west. Nose-view shows the four 20-mm. cannon. There are four machine-guns; and two 500-lb. bombs are seen being "loaded up." *Photo, Fox*

Certain cameras, if three of them are fitted to a high-flying aircraft, will photograph 20,000 square miles in three hours. Other cameras will feed a fixed negative into the observer's hand less than 60 seconds after he has clicked the shutter; so that it is possible for a picture to be taken, and a bomb to descend on a special target so disclosed, all within two or three minutes.

Detailed pictures of certain special objectives can only be obtained by a very low-level approach at "zero feet," hopping over hedges at between 6 and 7 miles a minute. The difficulty is obvious—how to guess when to click the shutter? Any error in timing the blind approach, and you might be a quarter of a mile beyond the objective in three seconds! The trick is worked by checking passing landmarks and intricate timing, but, especially in a one-man machine, it is not easy; in fact, the R.A.F., which deplores "shooting a line," calls this low-level photography Dicing—from the cliché, "Dicing with Death." Air Commodore Boothman, the Schneider Trophy ace, is in charge of the home-based P.R.U. Wing, and speed is its watchword.

Plenty of activity is going on in the R.A.F. Regiment. Heavy work will fall upon it as soon as we have captured or set up fighter airfields, for the Germans are known to have powerful weapons and special units intended to break these up. Our weapons of defence also are very powerful, and the men who use them are selected "tough guys."

It will be vital to establish airfields at the earliest moment after troops go ashore. Sites selected must be well drained, fairly level, able to be cleared of obstructions, yet with suitable cover near for aircraft dispersal, and for bomb and petrol dumps. Immediately such sites are chosen, sometimes by officers who venture dangerously ahead into no man's land during an advance, vans and lorries roll up, great steel mesh runways are unrolled and interlocked, fire-points for defence are sited, "bottles" dug for machine-gun posts, and mobile headquarters' vans arrive capable of signalling and of controlling the movements of our fighter squadrons.

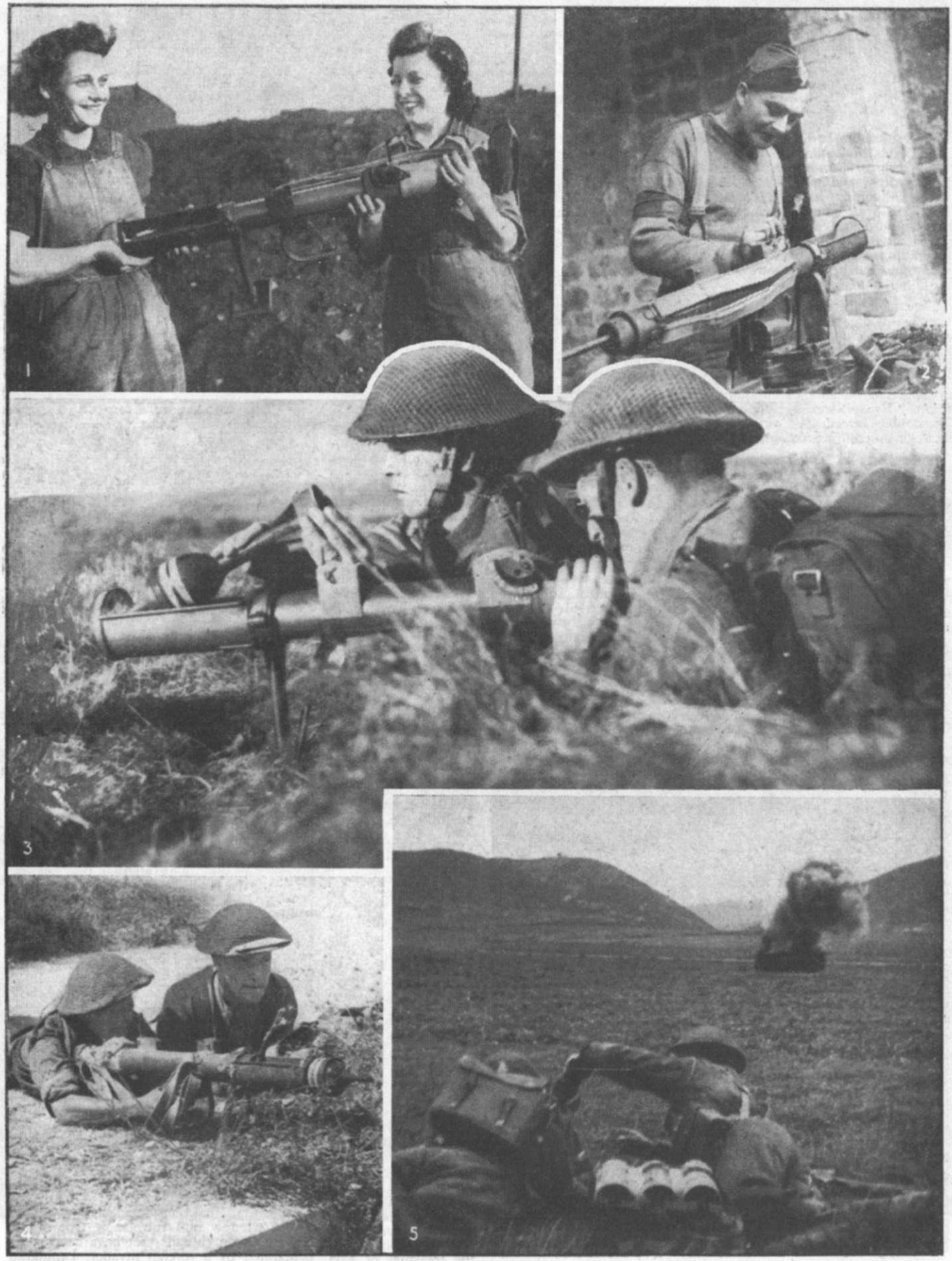
WHERE existing airfields are captured they are usually left by the enemy ploughed up; our bull-dozers and rollers get to work, and portable runways are laid. Enormous quantities of replacements and repairs have to be carried forward to maintain our newly-gained airfields. In the North African advance some of our Spitfires were fitted with six successive pairs of wings. For a squadron of 12 machines, nearly 200 men and 10 tons of equipment are needed for immediate operations, and about 40 lb. per day dead-weight per man for maintenance, apart from machine requirements.

Among the special aircraft preparing to take part in the Second Front attack are certain to be tank-busters. The Hurricane with large cannon was tried out for this purpose some time ago. Latterly, the Americans have used, in the Pacific, Mitchells carrying 75-mm. guns such as would knock out even a Tiger tank.

MANY unarmed aircraft, apart from photographic machines, are certain to be present with the invasion armadas. These will include 90 m.p.h. artillery spotters whose method of escape, if attacked, is to dodge slowly in tight circles with which faster standard fighters cannot cope. Generals will be flown to key observation points by aerial chauffeurs, and also to battlefield conferences.

Huge transport aircraft and gliders are lining up ready for their part in the coming operations. More of these will be used than in any battle yet, so as to supply men, guns, ammunition, food and petrol to our advancing columns, and to carry vital material to the battlefields and bring back wounded. Such fleets of aeroplanes as have never before taken the air will be an inevitable part of the Second Front, many of them perhaps carrying parachute troops, or airborne divisions fully armed and gunned. We know that, owing to their losses and to Bomber Command's crippling blows at German production, the Luftwaffe will be devastated when General Eisenhower's whistle blows.

Our New Projector Pierces 4-inch Armour Plate



LATEST ANTI-TANK WEAPON used by British infantry has proved its devastating powers in Italy. Called the Piat (Projector, Infantry, Anti-Tank) it weighs 33 lb. and fires a 2½-lb. bomb which can stop a tank at 115 yards. Girls at one of the factories in Britain where the Piat is made are seen holding a newly-completed projector (1); an armourer (2) adjusts the sights. The Number 2 of a Piat team (3) loads a bomb, and the men assume the firing position (4). A German tank (5) receives a direct hit.

Photos, British Official, Sport & General

Leningrad: A Memory of Imperial St. Petersburg

The massive grandeur of Old St. Petersburg, deriving from both East and West, suffered little outward deterioration when in the last war it became Petrograd, but when the fact that all the pomp and circumstance of Tsardom had for ever gone was finally confirmed by renaming Peter's imperial capital, Leningrad, only the material form remained, all manifestations of imperial luxury were at an end ; the palaces of the Tsars became museums for the people, in the grandiose mansions of the nobles the administrative, social and educational work of the Soviets set up their headquarters. But in the two and a half years of ineffectual siege Leningrad has gained new glory as a hero town at the sacrifice of most of its architectural splendour, and when its grievous wounds are repaired its past grandeur will be but a memory. That is why I have asked Mr. GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK, the eminent Anglo-Russian journalist, to write this short article recalling the city of his youth—as he knew it then.—EDITOR.

THE great battle for the complete liberation of Leningrad from the deadly grip of German encirclement is over. It was short and momentous, the Russian advance fanning out with terrific speed. This new drive came almost exactly a year to a day after the siege of Russia's second-largest city—and for over two hundred years her capital—was first partly raised, when an important but still precarious lifeline with the hinterland was established.

Now, at long last, the enemy pincers have been finally unjammed, and the many famous garden cities around Leningrad—like Pushkin (formerly Tsarskoye Selo), Peterhof, Gatchina and Pavlovsk—with their rich historical associations and famous palaces turned by the Soviet Government into museums, are once more in Russian hands. The railway line to Moscow has been cleared, which is of immense strategic and administrative importance.

I was born in Leningrad, went to school there, and spent an exceedingly happy childhood in that city. Only in those days its name was St. Petersburg, which was changed during the last war to Petrograd, and it was renamed after Lenin in January, 1924. Its liberation is naturally a great thrill to me.

Now, far be it from me to defend the Russian Tsarist regime, which was its own gravedigger. But when I think of St. Petersburg in its heyday my memories cannot but take me back to the dazzling yet tragic pre-1917 era. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Italians, Dutchmen, Belgians, Scandinavians, even Germans—all those whose large resident colonies or whose occasional visitors have known the Imperial capital of Russia in those days—can never forget its peculiar spell.

A city of sleet and gale ; a city where the springtime is enchantingly tender and fragrant ; a city whose sunsets over the vast expanse of the Neva and the golden spires, cupolas and steeples are so beautiful as to be almost unreal ; a city that is a fantastic amalgam of granite, grey skies and water ; whose buildings range from the grandiose to the depths of humility, from breathtaking splendour to miserable squalor. A city where everything seemed to have been mapped out by Peter the Great—its superhuman creator, in whom the Russians of today like to recognize the precursor of Lenin and Stalin—and a city wonderfully embellished by French and Italian masters brought there by the Great Catherine who felt she was the continuator of Peter's work.

A CITY of endless daring and unending frustration ; a city of almost uncanny realism and of dreams ; a city of ghosts and nightmares. But there was harmony in all these apparent contradictions, just as the various oddly assorted landmarks of St. Petersburg blended into one harmonious whole. The two sphinxes outside the Academy did not seem the least bit out of place in their strange Nordic surroundings ; or the two rostral columns outside the Bourse ; or again the huge Roman arch which constitutes the entrance to Peter's intended and never completed "New Holland." Within a stone's throw of each other could be seen his pathetically humble little house (one of the earliest built on this Baltic swamp-land) ; the fairly recent blue mosque with its stately minaret, and finally the two Manchurian lions—like the sphinxes, truly strange visitors in such a place.

But they were not by any means the only exotic importations that had found a permanent place in the heart of the all-absorbing and ever adaptive St. Petersburg. Thus in the shop windows of Eilers, the leading florist, you could see roses or orchids or lilies of the valley in January, when the temperature in the street outside was anything from 5 to 15 degrees below freezing point, and when —much to my joy— school was occasionally suspended because of the cold weather. In the museums, such as the world-famous Hermitage, or that of Alexander III, and in the rich, private collections, there was not only an unusually large choice of old masters and Russian artists for the student and the connoisseur to contemplate, but the treasures of Asia —both ancient and modern—were unique.

Greece and Rome ; the land of the ancient Scythians and the Eastern world of modern times ; Italy and Holland ; touches of Germany, France, Britain and Scandinavia ; and all this against the typical Russian background—moreover, somehow inseparably blended with it—such was the St. Petersburg of those days.

During the early stages of the revolution the deterioration of Leningrad was a strange, sad and yet absorbingly instructive process to watch. Here was the agony of a whole civilization, the end of an era of Russian, indeed of European, history. Then there followed a long period of adjustment, and at long last reconstruction and even expansion —though on an entirely new basis. No longer a capital—with all that this implies, especially in a country like Russia—Leningrad became once more a great industrial and cultural centre. It was still the cradle of the revolution, a keystone in the whole of the Soviet government's intricate and powerful superstructure. Its strategic importance also remained enormous, and it was the base of Russia's Baltic fleet.

AGAIN, despite the vast industrialization work carried on under the three Five-Year Plans, with the creation of entire new economic regions in the south-eastern part of Russia or in Siberia, Leningrad has never ceased to be one of the country's principal industrial centres. Its huge naval yards, for instance, have in recent years been feverishly active ; its enormous mechanical and engineering works, its electro-technical industry and an almost endless range of other factories, big and small, have maintained or greatly increased their production.

Peter the Great considered his new capital as "a window into Europe." One of the few European capitals that have never been penetrated by a foreign invader, Leningrad has stood in proud defiance of man and nature alike. It is the symbol of the unconquerable spirit of Russia.

THE ORDEAL OF LENINGRAD

SECOND city of the U.S.S.R., pre-war population nearly 3,000,000, important industrial centre (heavy machinery, aircraft, shipbuilding, textiles, synthetic rubber works) and naval base, at the mouth of the Neva on the Gulf of Finland, Leningrad was under bombardment by German long-range guns from Sept. 1941 to Jan. 1944.

The guns were almost entirely surrounded in concrete 5 feet thick, and were mounted on rails so that they could be traversed to shell various districts.

DURING the long siege the Germans hurled up to 1,500 shells a day ; records show a total of 2,600 shells during a 24-hour bombardment.

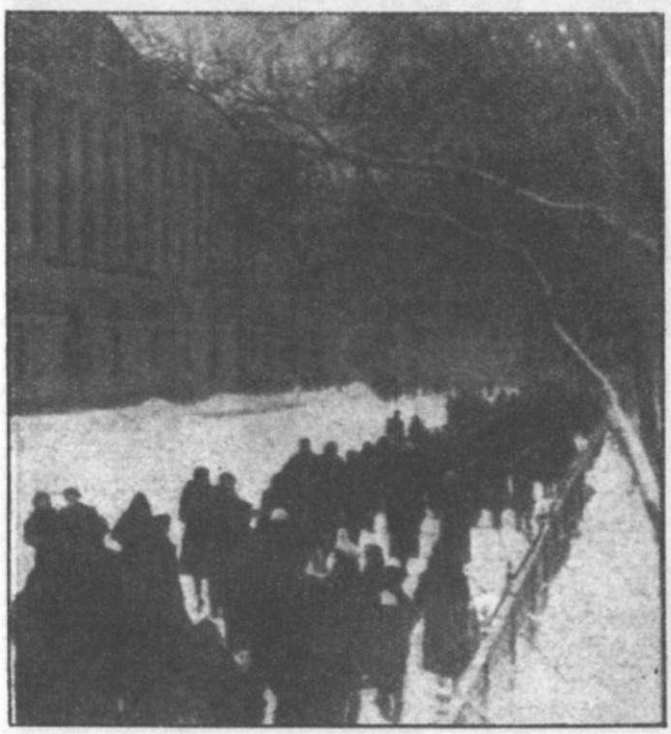
The resulting devastation is terrific. It has been said that not a tree within 20 miles of Leningrad has a single branch left.

German advanced positions were just under three miles from the centre of Leningrad. The giant siege guns were 15 miles distant.

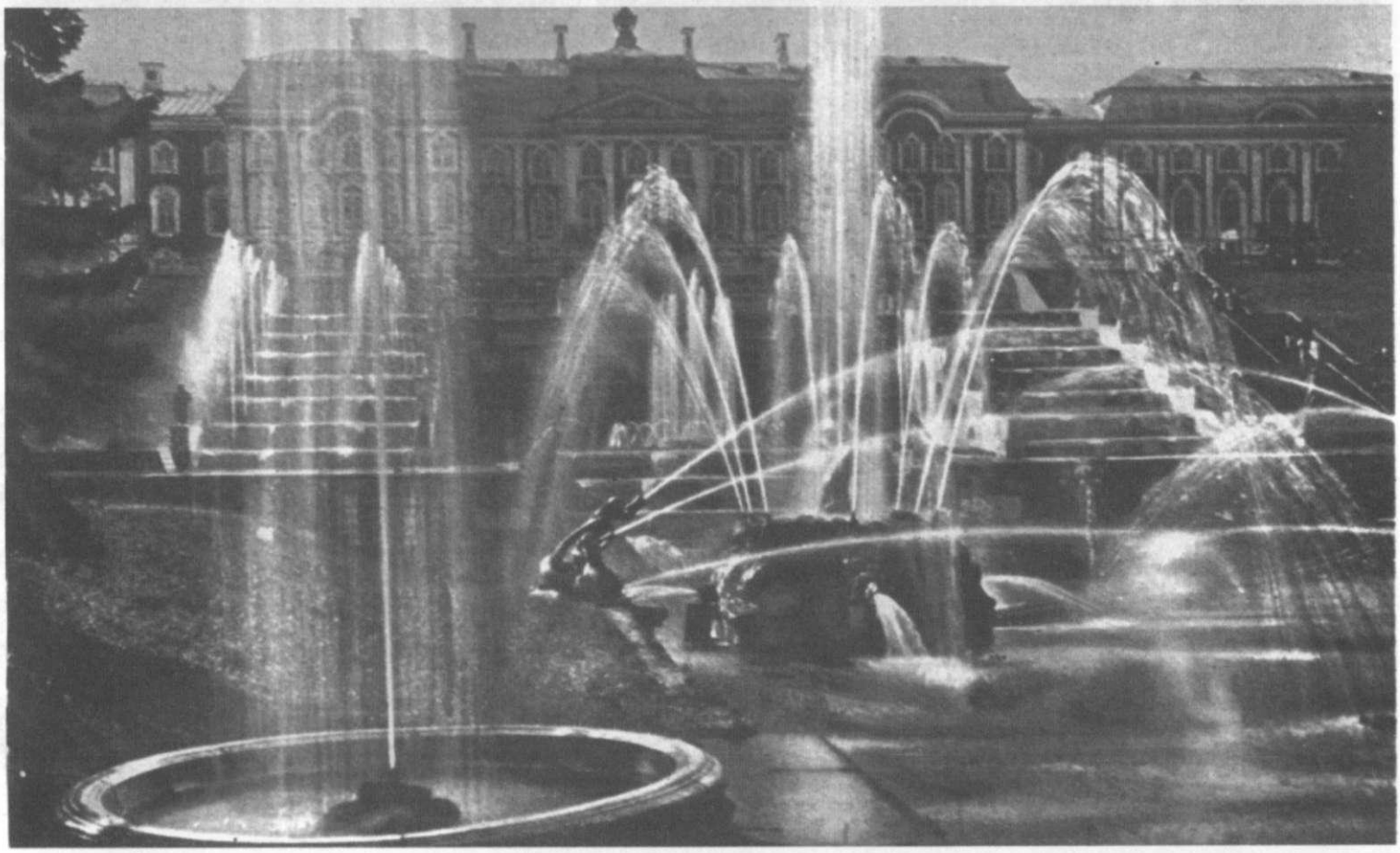
MORE than 1,000 field and siege guns, with the great guns of the 23,000-ton Red October battleship firing from the sea, hurled 500,000 shells into one narrow sector held by the besieging Germans—the Finnskoye-Koirovo key-position—when the world's biggest artillery bombardment opened the Russian Leningrad offensive, on Jan. 15, 1944. 500,000 to 600,000 shells were fired into that area of about 4 square miles.

GIRLS of the Red Army (under supervision of army experts) are assisting to clear the city of mines; working with them are specially trained dogs who run over the snow and scratch out the mines with their paws. One dog is said to have found 2,000.

From only three miles of roadway Russian sappers lifted over 5,000 mines. Those lifted within sight of the city number 200,000. It is thought possible the grand total will eventually eclipse Stalingrad's 1,000,000 mines and unexploded shells.



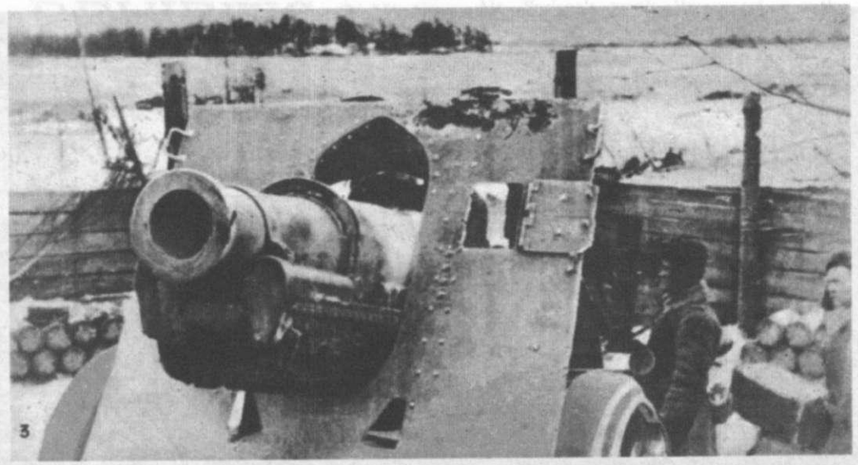
AFTER ITS LIBERATION, in January, 1944, by Gen. Govorov's troops, Leningrad commences the hard climb back to normal conditions. Across Ostrovsky Square, fronting the famous State Public Library (above), citizens walk to their daily occupations. *Photo, Planet News*

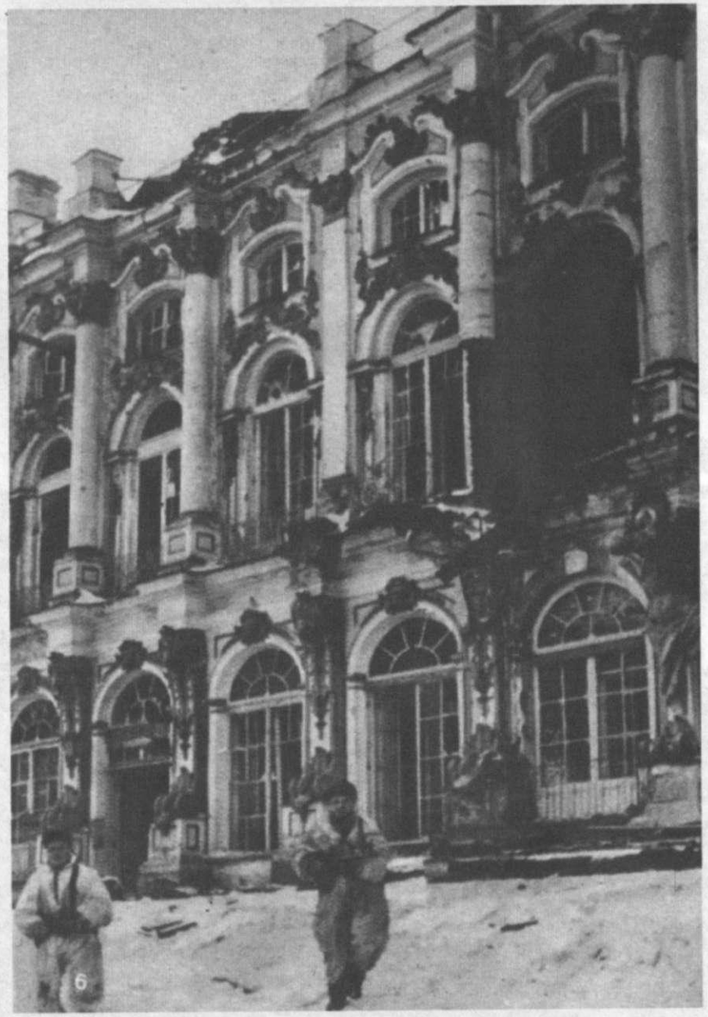


Photos, Planet News, E.N.A.

Peterhof Palace—Then and Now

On the Gulf of Finland, at Peterhof, stood a magnificent palace of the Russian Tsars, famous in pre-war days (bottom) as a museum and cultural centre, its gardens a holiday resort for the workers of Leningrad. For two years—until the great drive westward by General Govorov's forces—Hitler's vandals were in occupation. Gauntly the snow-covered skeleton now rears to the sky (top), desolate background for Cossacks of the Red Army advance guard. *See* story in p. 633.





Only as Captives did the Nazis Reach Leningrad

Through the city which their most savage efforts had failed to subdue files a long line of German prisoners (1), wondering, maybe, at the unconquerable spirit that had kept Leningrad's once beleaguered citizens true to the humblest tasks, such as toiling in the cabbage-patch garden facing St. Isaac's Cathedral (2). Here by the Griboyedov Canal stood for 150 years a fine house; one Nazi bomb sufficed to destroy it (4), revealing in the distance the historic Church of the Resurrection.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

Where the German Siege Guns will Roar No More

Blasted back from the Leningrad defences the enemy abandoned many large siege guns; this one (3), with shells stacked at the rear, is inspected by Soviet artillerymen, whilst naval anti-aircraft gunners on the Neva (5) guard the liberated city against air attack. Fifteen miles to the south lies Pushkin (Tsarskoye Selo), freed on Jan. 24, 1944, where not a house remains undamaged; Red Army men pass before the ruins of the former palace (6) of Catherine the Great.

Salute to Leningrad's Deliverers

Following a special Order of the Day issued by Marshal Stalin on Jan. 27, 1944, to commemorate the victory, and in honour of its complete liberation from enemy blockade, the "City of Lenin" saluted the gallant troops of the Leningrad Front with 24 artillery salvos from 324 guns; the night sky over Pushkin Square (top) during the deafening ceremony. Before the siege was raised, lorries repeatedly crossed frozen Lake Ladoga by night (left) with much-needed supplies.

Photos, Planet News, Pictorial Press

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Variations on an Italian Theme

COULD there be a comment more bitter and cynical on the value of liberty and self-government than the history of the Italian nation during the past three-quarters of a century? It is just on 75 years since Italians became a nation with a State of their own. In 1870 the sovereignty of the Pope over Rome and a large tract of territory was brought to an end. The Austrian domination over another large area had already been thrown off. The southern part, Naples and Sicily, formerly under a tyrannical king, had been liberated. Unity was at last achieved.

All lovers of freedom rejoiced. A constitutional monarchy was set up—to the disgust of some who had worked hardest for unity and a republic. The Italian people, at last masters of their fate, captains of the soul they had rhapsodized about so windily, seemed to be starting on a path of prosperity and content.

What a disillusionment awaited them—and all who had sympathized with them during their long struggle. Within a very few years the famous French novelists, the de Goncourt brothers, were noting that Rome under the monarchy was worse off materially than it had been under the Popes. Discontent spread widely. The mass of the nation remained ignorant and wretchedly poor. Politics became a scramble for hand-outs. Members of Parliament devoted their energy to getting what they could out of Governments for the benefit of their constituencies. "Parish-pump politics" this was called. To change the metaphor, the State was looked on as a milch cow, which could be milked by the deputies for the advantage of those who had voted for them.

Feeble kings, cunning politicians who baited hooks for greedy supporters, ambitious politicians who held out glowing hopes of a vast African Empire, dictatorships concealed under democratic formulae, alliance with the German Kaiser for the furtherance of plans made in Berlin for the Junker domination of Europe—by such events and personalities was the ideal of Italy that animated Mazzini and Garibaldi, and admirers of them like George Meredith, dragged down and tarnished, and, by the time the twentieth century began, completely lost sight of.

WAR in 1914 found Italy unprepared and hesitating between two courses—to play false at once with its ally, Germany, or to remain neutral and get whatever could be squeezed out of both belligerents. It chose the latter for a time, then, having broken the treaty known as the Triple Alliance, joined Britain and France. In a very short time it was clear that Italy would be more of a worry than a help to the Allies. Nevertheless, large claims were made for reward when the spoils were divided up and, because these were not all allowed, a tumult of accusation and denunciation arose. The cry went up that "Italy had been defrauded" of its rightful share in the war loot.

Italian politics, says Mr. Cecil Sprigge, a former Rome correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, in his book The Development of Modern Italy (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.), "worked up into a climax of moral and intellectual disarray," which was exploited by "the most ambitious and least scrupulous of candidates for national leadership," Benito Mussolini.

Mr. Sprigge agrees with the outline I have given of the disappointment caused by Italian failure to make good use of freedom after so many centuries of under-doggism. "A dull and tarnished epoch," he calls the period that followed unification. He does not carry the story beyond "the fine October afternoon in 1922 when Mussolini led the armed black-shirts up the Corso in Rome to the altar of the Italian fatherland" and the Roman people looked on without any opinion about it, except that it was *una bella fiesta*, a pretty spectacle. For the continuation of the tragedy into which that pretty spectacle developed I turned to another book, One Man Alone: the History of Mussolini and the Axis (Chatto & Windus, 15s.). This is by another Rome correspondent, Mr. Maxwell Macartney of The Times. His account of what happened during the twenty years of the Duce's dictatorship makes one wonder more than ever at its being brought to an end so easily—unless we adopt the explanation, which neither Mr. Sprigge nor Mr. Macartney hint at—that the Italians have as yet almost no capacity for governing themselves.

LET me explain how I arrive at this conclusion. A generation ago, we learn from Mr. Sprigge, elections were "a mere parody on representative government." In 1921 they were very little better. Free speech was prevented, meetings were broken up, voters were forcibly removed when they went to vote, voting papers "disappeared." As for the elections of 1924, they were in Mr. Sprigge's words "mass terrorism." Now people who submit to that kind of violence are clearly not governing themselves. Sections of them make a lot of noise, they fill the air with complaints and lamentation. But the mass of the nation is inert.

When Crispi started the idea of a colonial empire, they nodded and said "Fine!" When the Triple Alliance was formed they thought they were secure. When it was broken they thought breaking it was wise. They sat quiet while old Giolitti played a sort of political chess, moving his pieces here and there so that he might stay in office. They put up with Mussolini, did what he ordered, let their children be taught the devil's tale of "wholesome war" and crazy nationalism; allowed him to rush them into siding with Hitler, whom they disliked and ridiculed, against us whom they have always liked and looked to as their best customers, because we spend large sums on making holiday among them; made no audible protest when he muddled the campaigns so badly that they met with nothing but defeats, and only heaved a sigh of relief and gave him a parting kick when a few men at the top had put him on the run.

GAYDA, the broadcaster who used to be so frequently in the British Press and was understood to be Mussolini's mouthpiece, was a typical twentieth-century Italian. He told Mr. Macartney once that he didn't believe what he said in his radio talks. "I regard myself," he said, "in the light of a lawyer. A lawyer is not concerned with the innocence or guilt of a man whom he is defending. I have my brief. It is my business to do the best I can for my client." Not even Mussolini was genuinely what he seemed to be. He was a play actor. "In public he was constantly posing. He swaggered and strutted." He pretended to be always in a hurry, impatient of opposition or criticism, eager for cheering crowds wherever he went. All theatricalism, Mr. Macartney says. He found the Duce, when they were alone, unaffected, natural in manner, not unready to listen to argument and criticism. He was impetuous, but behaved as a normal man—not like Hitler, who flies off the handle with only one listener and bites the carpet when he is by himself.

AND what about the man who took Mussolini's place? I have found a picture of him drawn from life in a book by two correspondents, Alfred Wagg and David Brown, about the early stages of the Italian campaign, called No Spaghetti for Breakfast (Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.). Does he show signs of possessing a character more energetic, more genuine, more based on principles, less inclined to play-act? The American Army officers who went to make arrangements for Italy's capitulation thought not. He seemed feeble, timid, cunning, a procrastinator, unable to make up his mind, tearfully anxious to persuade them that he was on the side of the United Nations. The Italian people, however, seem to be quite ready to let Badoglio govern them.

Well, what is to be done about Italy? Recovery will be long and perhaps painful, Mr. Macartney fears, although "no great effort will be required for the elimination of the Fascist virus." We must be patient, we must have no illusions about the Italians wishing to be "good little Democrats" all at once. I should add that the chief need is a sound system of education and sensible honest newspapers. Those two changes might work wonders—in time. Without them Italy will go on sinking as she has sunk during the past 75 years.

TWENTY YEARS' MISRULE ENDED. Mussolini, here seen talking to Marshal Graziani after his rescue by the Germans, left behind as a painful heritage for the Italian people the bitter fruits of his dictatorship, as remarked upon in this page. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Useful Men to Have About, These Marines

In that Invasion of Europe which is prophesied for the spring, the Royal Marines will have a prominent part to play. In this article E. ROYSTON PIKE tells something of the famous Corps. Other information may be had in The Royal Marines, prepared for the Admiralty by the Ministry of Information, and published by H.M.S.O. at 9d. See also facing page, and p. 630.

USEFUL men to have about a ship, and equally useful men to have about ashore. That is as good a way as any of summing up his Majesty's Royals—the men whose motto is *Per Mare Per Terram* (By Sea, By Land) and who wear the badge of the globe encircled with laurel. As Rudyard Kipling wrote years ago:

For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth
the beggar don't know, nor do—
You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's
'ead, to paddle 'is own canoe—
E's a sort a of bloomin' cosmopolouse—
soldier an' sailor too.

Tradition is a very living thing in the armed services of the British Crown, but the Royal Marines have more of it, perhaps, than most of their comrades in blue or khaki. One of the first things a new recruit sees on entering barracks is a coloured poster depicting the uniforms, badges, and distinctions worn by the Royal Marines in their almost 300 years of very active and highly honourable activity. In nearly every war that Britain has been engaged in since 1664, when the Corps was originally founded, the Royal Marines have played their part. From the very first they have been sea-soldiers.

IT was the Lord High Admiral of England—the Duke of York, Charles II's brother and afterwards James II of not very happy memory—who raised them, and their first name was the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, otherwise the Admiral's Regiment. They were specially enlisted and trained for military duties on board ship, which so far had been performed by troops of the line temporarily embarked.

One of their earliest and greatest achievements was their taking possession of the Rock of Gibraltar in 1704, thereby winning "an immortal honour" for themselves and a bulwark beyond price for the Empire. In 1748, after the Peace of Aix la Chapelle that concluded the War of the Austrian Succession as the history books call it, the Corps was disbanded. But seven years later it was reformed, and it has lived and flourished gloriously ever since: the laurel wreath in the Marines' badge was awarded in recognition of their fine work during the Seven Years' War, of 1756-63, when Marine detachments seized Belle Isle while the Royal Navy was blockading Brest, and held it as an advanced base.

THIS part of Europe has been frequently mentioned in this war's communiqués; it may be mentioned again, when we may be sure that the Marines will once again "be there." George III granted them the "Royal" in their name in 1802, "in consideration of their very meritorious service during the late war"—that is, the war with the French at the time of the Revolution; and later the Duke of Clarence, Lord High Admiral and General of Marines (afterwards he became king as William IV), presented the Corps, on behalf of his brother George IV, with new colours displaying the badge we all know so well today

So many were the glorious deeds that might be inscribed on the colours, said the Duke, that the King had been pleased to adopt "the Great Globe itself," encircled with laurel, as the most suitable emblem for a corps whose duties took them to all parts of the world, "in every quarter of which they had earned laurels by their valour." At the same time, the Royal Cipher (G.R. IV) was interlaced with the Foul Anchor, to show their connexion with the Royal Navy; their proud motto remained, and surmounting the Imperial Crown on the badge was to appear the word "Gibraltar."

On 16 days in the year the Adjutant on the parade-ground reads out the names of some of the great battles in which the Corps has been engaged. Among them are St. Vincent, on St. Valentine's Day in 1797; the Glorious First of June in 1794, when the Admiral was the Marines' Honorary Colonel, Lord Howe; Camperdown, in 1797; and Nelson's three great victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. In the 1914-18 war four battalions of Marines were employed by Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in the gallant but unsuccessful bid to hold Antwerp. The 63rd (Royal Naval) Division was formed, organized and administered by H.Q. Royal Marines Forces. Four Marine battalions fought gloriously on Gallipoli; reduced by casualties to half, they went to France with the R.N.D. and took part in some of the bloodiest fighting.

Marine battalions fought in the battles of the Somme, before Arras and in the horrible mud of Passchendaele, in the Cambrai battle that was so nearly a break-through. Marines charged down the Mole at Zeebrugge. Marines had a part in the little wars in the African jungle, in the Balkan mountains, and in north and south Russia.

Then in this war: it would be easier to say where the Royal Marines have *not* been than to give a comprehensive list of their activities. They have fired their guns in nearly every important engagement of the war, in France and Norway, in Madagascar and Burma, in Malta and Malaya and at Dieppe. Expeditionary forces of Marines occupied the Faroes and Iceland. Two hundred Marines from Chatham, many of them pensioners recalled to the Colours at the beginning of the war, were rushed to Holland in May 1940 and saw the Queen of the Netherlands safely on board H.M.S. Hereward on the way to England. Other scratch companies from Chatham gave cover to the naval demolition parties at Calais and Boulogne.

Marines fought gallantly at Hongkong; and survivors from the detachments on the Prince of Wales and the Repulse struggled ashore from the sunken ships and, joining what was left of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, formed a composite battalion which was officially called the Marine Argyll Battalion, but will probably be always remembered as the Plymouth Argylls (the Prince of Wales, and the Repulse were "Plymouth ships"). They fought to the end in Singapore.

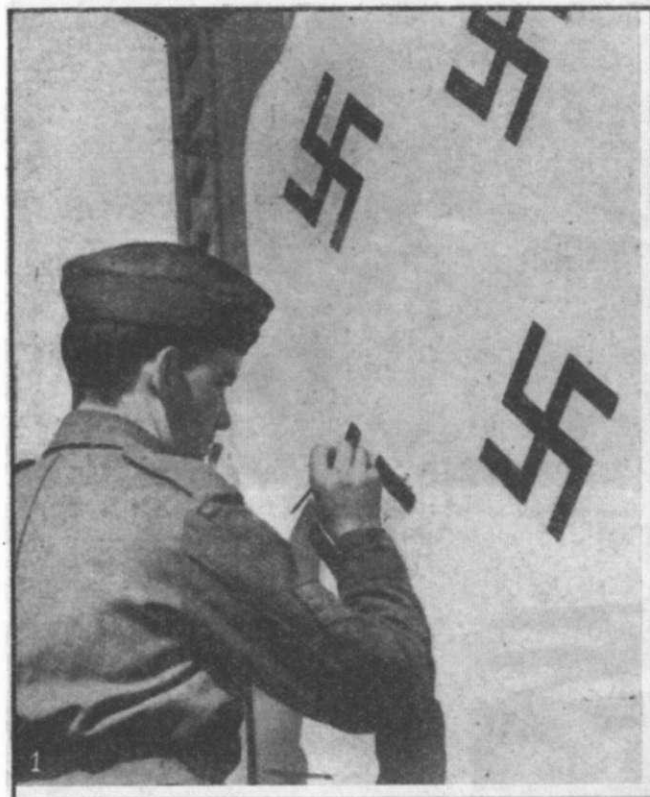
IN PULLOVER AND SLACKS Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, K.C.B., D.S.O., inspected these Royal Marine Commandos before leaving Italy to take up his new post as C.-in.C. of the British Group of Armies under General Dwight Eisenhower. The Marines made an advance landing which greatly aided the capture of Termoli on the Adriatic coast, 17 miles ahead of the main 8th Army forces, on Oct. 2, 1943. *Photo, Associated Press*

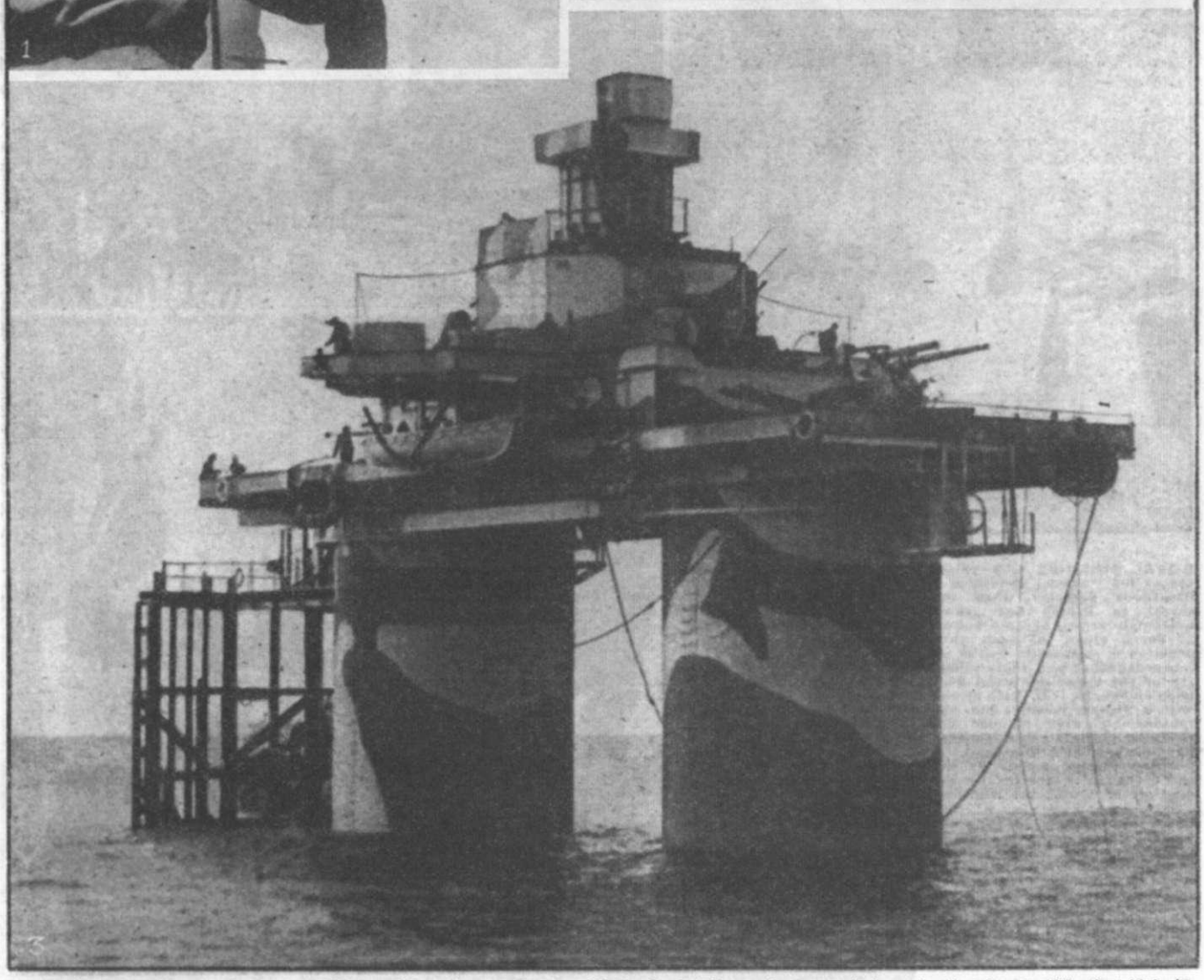
AND so they did in Crete. To understand their work in that tragic island we must make the acquaintance of M.N.B.D.O., which is short for Mobile Naval Base Defence Organization. Its function is to provide the Fleet with a base in any part of the world, to do it in a week, and to defend it when it has been made. The whole unit numbers about 8,000 men, and it is commanded by a Major-General of the Royal Marines. It is a body of specialists, of craftsmen trained not only to fight but in all the arts of military engineering and of mechanized war. It is carried in specially equipped merchant-vessels, and its Landing and Maintenance Group is responsible for getting the unit ashore in landing-craft, and for transporting it when landed. Then the Group builds wharves, makes roadways from the beach, and erects buildings. The unit has naval coastal guns, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, and searchlights. It has a Land Defence Force consisting of rifle companies, machine-gun sections and light artillery batteries.

The first of these comprehensive units, M.N.B.D.O. (1), under Major-General E. C. Weston, was sent to Alexandria in April 1941, and on its arrival was given the task of providing a naval base in Crete, to which Maitland Wilson's men were being withdrawn. It never had time to get going properly, and only some 2,200 Marines were actually landed on the island. But those 2,200 constituted the rearguard, and when Freyberg was ordered to return to Egypt, Weston took command. The losses of the rearguard were severe; only a thousand Marines got back from Crete.

And, so runs the story in the recently published Admiralty account, The Royal Marines, 1939-43, not all who might have escaped seized the opportunity. There was one little party who refused the offer of a lift in a Sunderland. Gathering up the rations and ammunition the plane had brought, they turned their backs upon security and retired into the hills to carry on the fight. There they may be fighting yet, waiting to welcome their comrades from the sea.

They Man the Forts that Guard our Shipping

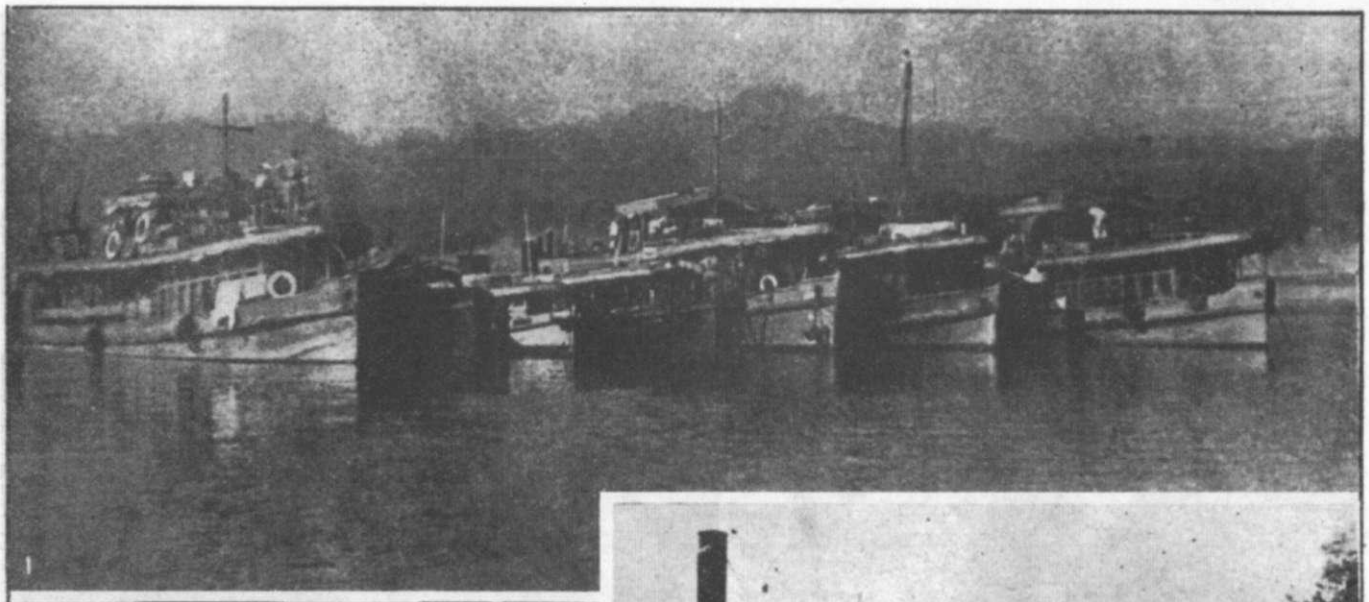


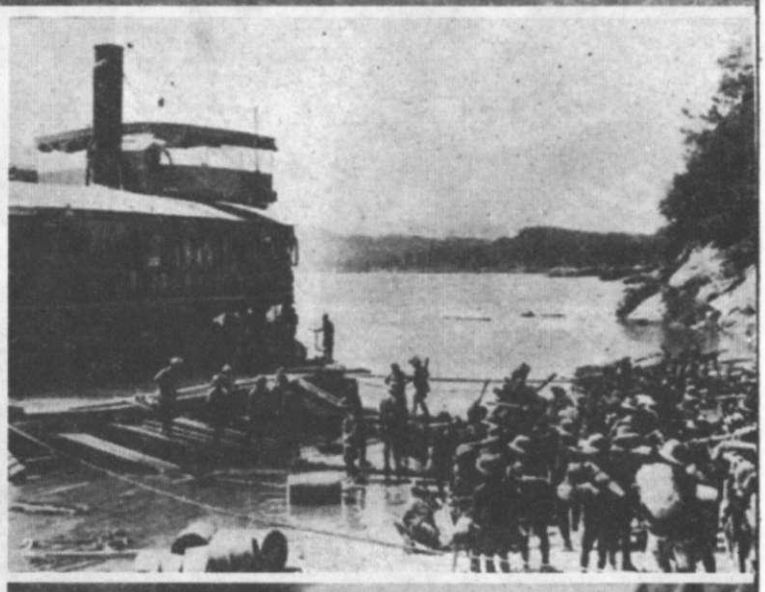


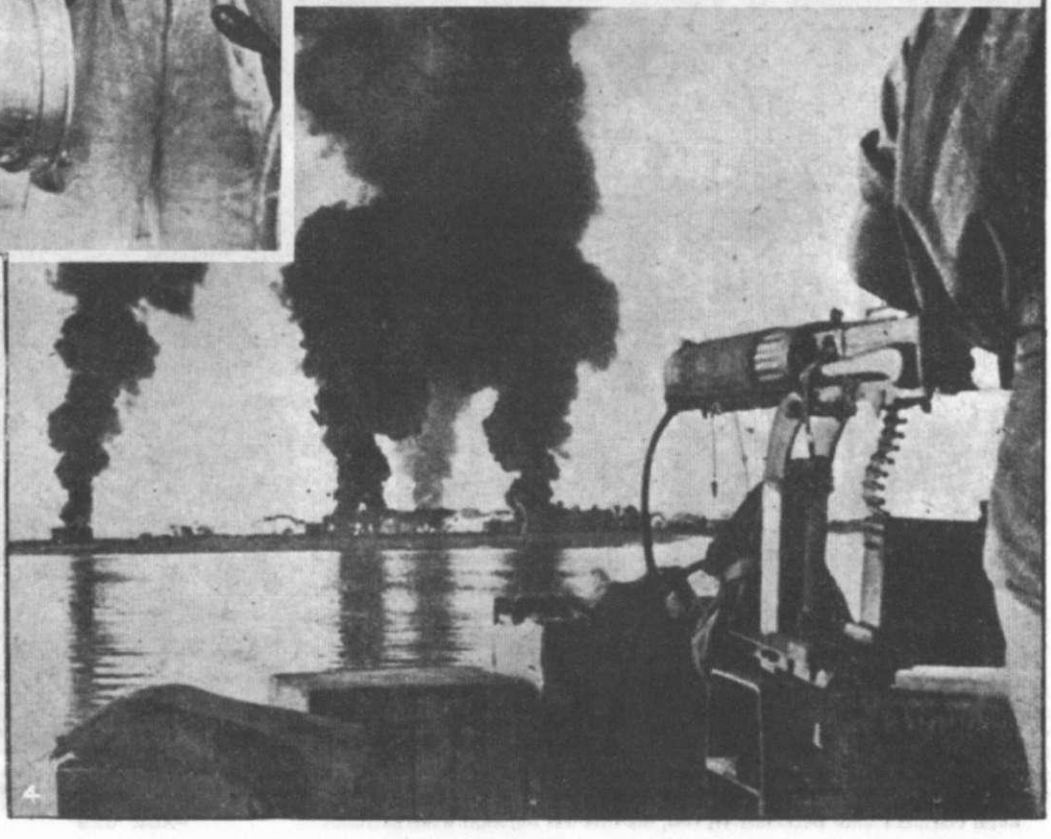
OUT AT SEA is this anti-aircraft fort (3), one of several protecting our shipping in the Thames Estuary and along the East Coast. Fifty feet high, it bristles with A.A. guns manned by Royal Marines under R.N.V.R. officers. The forts, which are commissioned as H.M. ships, have destroyed numerous minelaying aircraft ; a sergeant (1) marks up four. Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Hunton, K.C.B. (2), is the first R.M. officer to be titled G.O.C. Royal Marines : until December 11, 1943, the title was Adjutant-General.

Photos, British Official

Exploits of Marines as Force Viper in Burma







ROYAL MARINES who volunteered for "special service of a hazardous nature" when the threat to Burma had grown extremely grave, became known as Force Viper. As such, they acquired a makeshift flotilla of motor-launches and motor-boats (1) for the expedition from Rangoon on Feb. 11, 1942. Each armed with a Vickers machine-gun, the motor-boats were manned entirely by Marines; the launches had Chittagonian native crews. A bearded Marine stands by the side of the native captain (3) at the controls of one of the launches.

Black smoke billows up from oil-tanks (4) at Syriam, three miles south of Rangoon, fired to prevent these falling into Japanese hands; in the foreground is a Force Viper craft covering the demolition parties. Early in May 1942 the Force aided the crossing at Kalewa on the Chindwin River of British and Indian troops of the 17th Division (2). See also pp. 628-9.

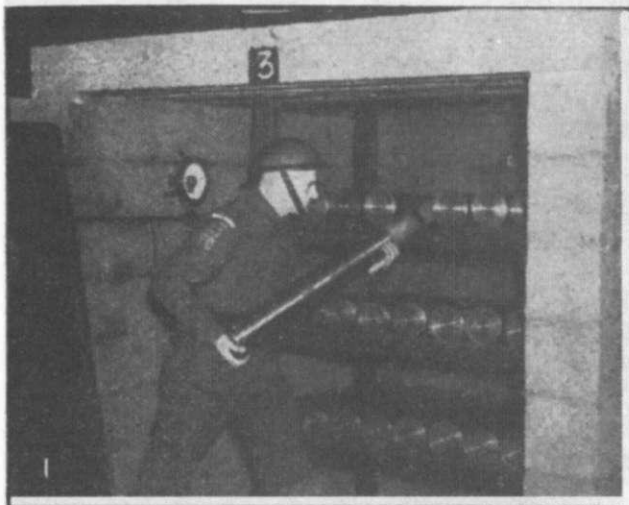
Photos from The Royal Marines, published by the Ministry of Information

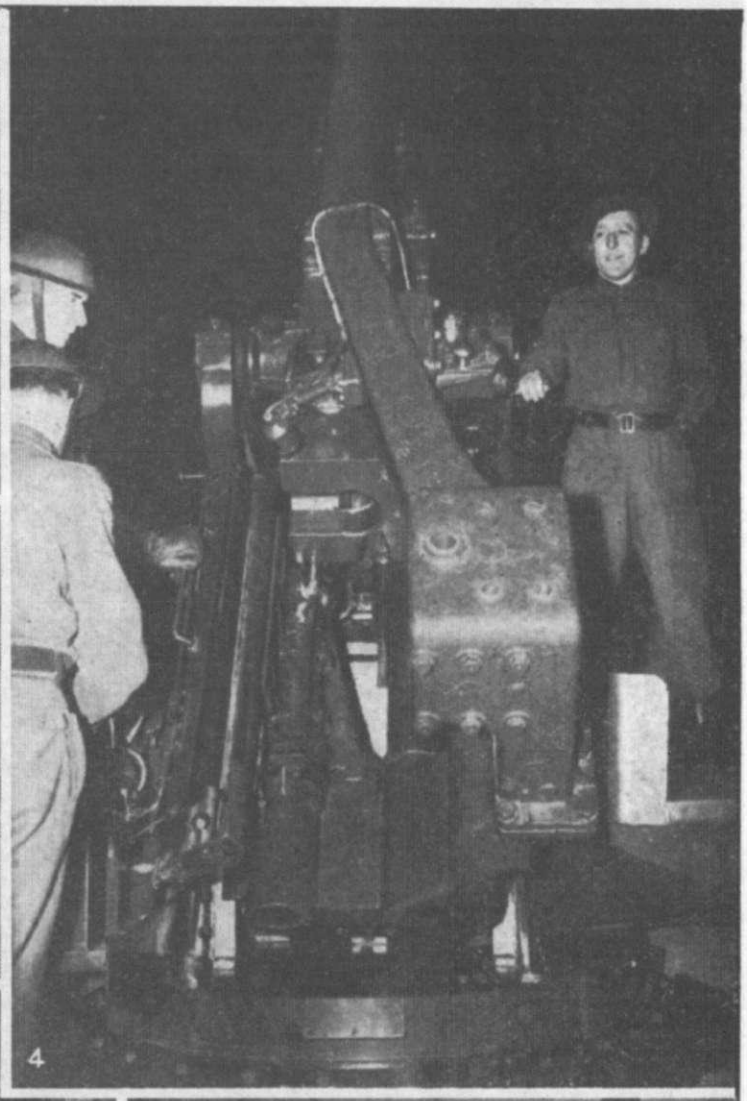
Allied Barrage Tears the Night Sky at Nettuno

MEETING THE GERMAN RAIDERS, Allied anti-aircraft guns put up a terrific hail of tracer shells over Nettuno, Italian west coast beach-head secured by the Allies on Jan. 22, 1944. Endeavouring to knock out our armada of supply ships the Germans called in bombers from as far away as Bordeaux. By Feb. 16 German land attacks against the beach-head were mainly north and west of Carroceto, some 7 miles inland. These were beaten off, while the Fifth Army gained some ground in the area west of Cisterna.

Photo, Planet News

Home Guard Gunners Help Claw Down Raiders





BEHIND THE GREAT A.A. BARRAGE which batters German raiders over Britain thousands of Home Guards share duty with comrades of the Regular Army. These mixed batteries went into vigorous action around London on January 24, 1944. During the attack ammunition is drawn (1) to feed the gun. A Home Guard sets the 3·7-in. shell fuses (2), and others load the tray (3) which carries the shell into the breech. Loaded, a gunner (4, right) waits with hand on the firing lever. The shoot over, the crew (5) enjoy a game of cards.

Photos, I.N.A.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

The Nazis Bombed and Sank Our Hospital Ship

Returning from the Anzio beach-head, west coast of Italy, with Allied wounded, the St. David was deliberately sunk by enemy planes on Jan. 24, 1944. The story by Sec.-Lieut. Ruth Hindman, of the American Nursing Corps, is given here by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph.

WE had lain off Anzio all Monday afternoon taking off wounded. The weather was not good for small craft that day, and it was a rather longer process than we had anticipated. About 5.30 p.m. we set sail, the St. David leading, followed by her sister ships, Leinster and St. Andrew.

When we were about four miles out the black-out was lifted. This is customary with hospital ships at sea, in order to distinguish them, in the hope of avoiding enemy attack. The weather turned very rough. It must have been about eight o'clock, when we were 20 miles out at sea, that I heard a crash. We all ran up on deck with our lifebelts, and were told the ship had been hit and we must take to the boats.

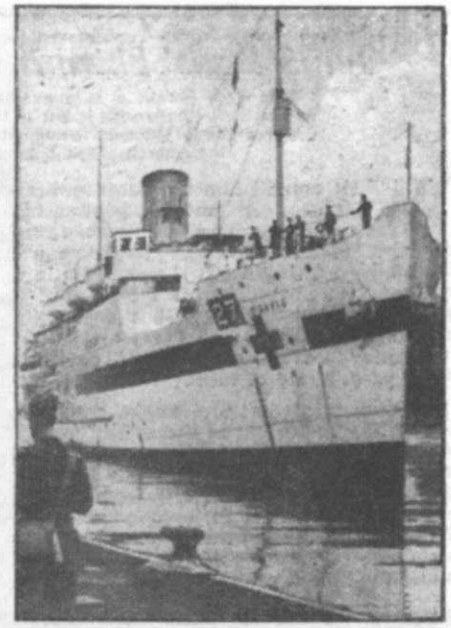
We did our best with the wounded. Fortunately a good proportion of them were walking casualties. It all seemed one confused rush, and then the ship began to heel over, and we were told to jump for it.

Miss Berret jumped for one of the boats, but the boat itself was tipped over and everyone in it was tossed out into the water. I was just behind her, and I went straight down into the sea.

The whole of the time from the bomb hitting our ship to the time we had to jump into the water was only four minutes—it seemed much longer. I felt myself being sucked down under the ship. I struggled and came up twice, and each time something hit me on the head. The third time I was luckier.

All around me people were clinging to rafts and bits of wreckage. Some of them had torches with which they were signalling to the boats that had been put out by the Leinster and the St. Andrew to search for us. But the ordinary flashlight does not carry far.

We spent about an hour in the water before being picked up by the Leinster. One man of our surgical team was trying to get all the wounded off right up to the last, and instead of jumping for the boats he went back to the sick bays.



HOSPITAL SHIP ST. DAVID, the story of whose recent sinking by Nazi bombers is told on the left. Former G.W. Rly. cross-Channel packet-boat, the 2,702-ton St. David successfully carried hundreds of casualties from France in 1940. *Photo, Keystone*

I Walked Through Wreckage That Was Peterhof

After two years of German occupation, what was left of the once beautiful town of Peterhof, near Leningrad, was recaptured by Russian forces on Jan. 19, 1944. The retreating vandals left it as described by the Soviet War News correspondent, Ivan Bondarenko.

MANY of our friends abroad have visited Peterhof, a favourite beauty spot where Leningrad people loved to spend their holidays. They will remember the "Big Cascade," the canal leading from the sea to the magnificent palace of the Russian Tsars, to the fountains of the first avenue. At the very end of this avenue stood a mighty bronze figure of Samson wrestling with the lion, from whose jaws a 60-foot column. of water flung out a myriad of sparkling silver drops.

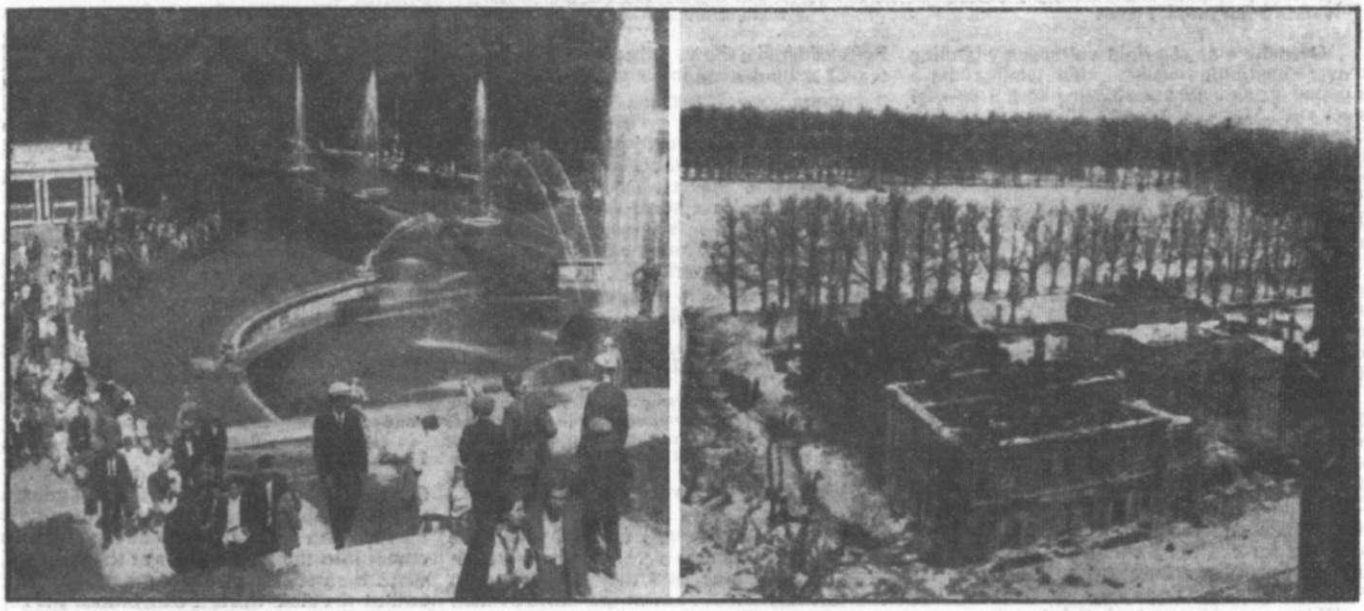
It was dear to every Russian heart, this architectural gem wrought by Peter the First, the author of Russia's great transformation. But Peterhof exists no more. The barbarians have destroyed this wonderful town. They have well-nigh swept it from the face of the earth.

I walked through Peterhof only yesterday with some of the Red Army men who had turned the Germans out. The main palace, which was the centre of the state life of the Russian Tsars, has been utterly wrecked. Built during Peter the First's reign, it was rebuilt by his daughter Elizabeth according to the designs of the famous Rastrelli. Silken hangings, beautiful parquet floors, exquisitely-moulded ceilings, silver-framed mirrors, rich paintings—all have been plundered or destroyed.

The middle palace was burning when we entered. Everything that had survived the occupation was ablaze. "Mon Plaisir," the little palace on the seashore, where Peter lived, was a pile of ashes. Hardly a house remained standing. The ancient cathedral had been defiled. The Germans blew up the Peterhof fountains. The statue of Samson was sawn in sections and taken to Germany.

Dead Germans in the Snow

The place that was Peterhof is a graveyard, black and dismal. In the avenues where the bees used to drone so peacefully under the age-old limes, the bodies of dead Germans lie on the smoke-grimed snow, among trenches and wrecked bunkers. Rare tapestries, pictures, chandeliers, parquet floors—all are gone. The vandals cut down ancient trees to build obstacles. They herded the people of the town into German captivity, The treasures of Peterhof, accumulated for generations, have been destroyed in two years of German occupation.



PETERHOF IN PEACE—AND IN WAR. In 1918 the town's magnificent palaces were transformed into museums and workers' rest homes and excursions were conducted for sightseers and holiday-makers from every part of the Soviet Union. The Imperial Palace grounds in the days before the war are seen on the left; on the right, ruins of the Palace after the Germans had been driven far west. The story of Peterhof's desolation is told above. **See also illus. p. 623.**

Photos, E.N.A., U.S.S.R. Official

Our 3 Days' Skirmish in the Hills of Arakan

"This story is about only one small fragment of the whole war, and means little to the world; but it is the whole war to the people in it!" declares Philip Wynter, Evening Standard war reporter, writing from the Arakan Front, Burma. See also pp. 556-557.

With around him the battle noises of tanks, guns, mortars and machine-guns, a soldier on a narrow sector of the Arakan front says, "I suppose when it's all over, they'll call it a skirmish in the hills!" For three hours the noise of the guns and bursting shells has been rolling around these hills, and tanks are standing in paddy fields firing at one small conical hill 400 yards ahead of them.

Columns of dust and smoke are leaping from the hilltop just as flames leap from fire when petrol is flung on it. On the left and right and behind more shells are tearing great patches of soil and scrub from the slopes and foothills of a steep, jungle-covered range. Looking away from this scene of smoke and sound you see rows of quiet green hillocks and the blue sky without clouds.

Over there on the right vultures are circling over something dead. The tanks have stopped firing and are sitting like a row of steel pill-boxes at the foot of the conical hill. There cannot be anyone alive on that conical hill. But there is. There is the crack of a sniper's rifle, and a burst of machine-gun fire. The Jap fire sounds more metallic than ours. The tanks fire again and the hill top is a mass of smoke and dust.

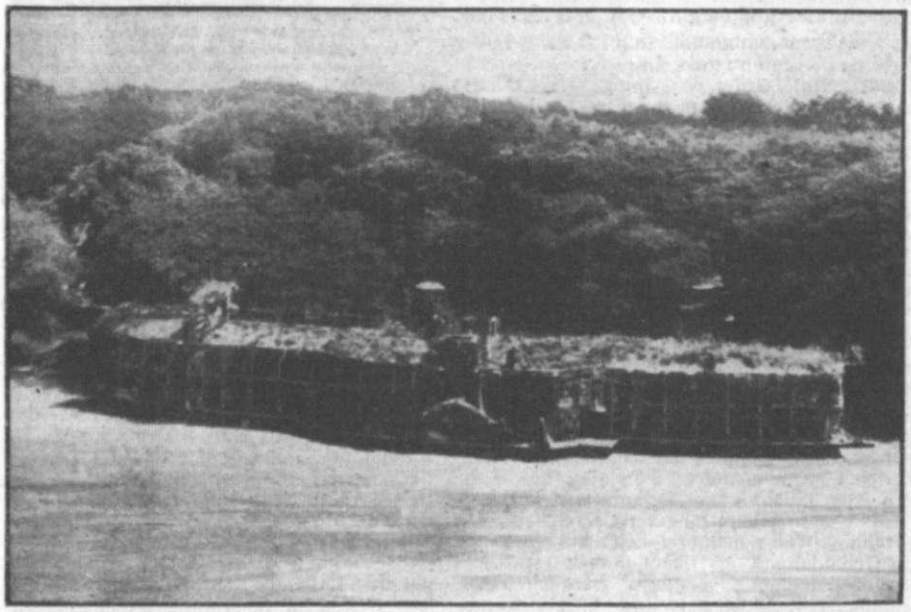
They stop again, and you notice the rushing noise of shells overhead. There cannot be any Japs left. But again there is the crackle of fire from a bunker near the top of the conical hill, and "wham"—all together go the shells of the tanks.

This is all part of a small battle which has been going on for three days now as our troops slice pieces off Japanese strong points on the perimeter of their coastal bastion, or fortress system, on the Maungdaw-Buthidaung road. These strong points dominate a cross-roads. Tanks are in action for the third successive day, and the guns have been bombarding this area intermittently for three days and nights.

We are watching today's fighting from an observation post on a ridge overlooking the conical hill, where the officer commanding the infantry, whose job is to take the hill, is standing in a slit trench and talking down a field telephone.

"Tanks will give five minutes' machine-gun fire along the top of the bunker to keep their heads down, and then our men will go up," he says. His troops—men of a Home Counties regiment, many of whom come from Kent hopfields and London suburbs—are under cover at the foot of the hill. A senior officer arrives and watches the shells blasting a ridge behind the hill.

Now the infantry are going up the steep slope of the hill. They are crawling up the slope. They are near the top. The tanks are silent. It looks like a film does when the sound track stops. A group of bent figures are moving, stumbling. A few feet from the top they turn and scamper down the slope.



JAPANESE THOUGHT THEY WERE HIDDEN in this well-camouflaged paddle-steamer which they had made their headquarters on a river in Burma. But they were not clever enough to deceive the patrolling R.A.F. Beaufighters which are ever on the alert to spot such hiding-places. A stream of cannon shells from the Beaufighter which secured this photograph set the vessel ablaze a few seconds later. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Puffs of smoke show as they run. Japs come out of a bunker and lob grenades.

I cannot see if anyone is hit; they all seem to have got down. Then the tanks fire again for some time, and you see the infantry going up again slowly, getting nearer and nearer the top. They are throwing grenades up. Then the firing starts all over again, and the top of the hill is spouting smoke and dirt into the air. More minutes pass and more shells rush overhead.

And now they try again. My watch shows this has been going on for more than an hour. The radio operator at the top is still saying "Report my signals—over." There are more men this time and they are going up just as the others did. They are there on the top now. They have got it.

Wham! A column of dust leaps up on the top of the hills. A direct hit. They are all dead. No; it is a miracle, they are moving back down the slope fast. Then another shell on the hills.

The Japs have had a gun laid on there and fired as soon as the infantry got there. Nobody has the conical hill now. The officer is busy on the phone. He says: "Looks like guns near road . . . over open sights." A few minutes pass, and then all the guns in the locality start probing for the Jap guns.

Somebody is getting news from the men attacking the hill. He is repeating into the microphone as he listens. "They killed some Japs. Three Japs left ran, and they think they wounded them with grenades. The bunker has collapsed. There was no cover on top. Yes, they were shelled off the top. Tanks are coming out to rally."

The air is thick with the noise of shells again, and a fight on the left is getting noisier. There is a lot of machine-gun fire and the crack of rifles, but you cannot see what is going on at the top. Tanks are rumbling across the paddy fields between the hillocks, and a few shells drop among them from somewhere. Probably it is a parting gesture from the Japs, because someone reports hearing that the Jap guns are pulling out now.

As we go down the trail for a cup of tea we learn that the men who reached the top of the hill found six Jap bodies. Later in the day they went up again and occupied the hill. This story is about only one small fragment of the whole war and means little to the world; but it is the whole war to the people in it!

Just behind this little battle, about 2,000 yards away on a track leading to the front, there is a scene which is probably unique. There a few men, and scores of brown Arakanese children, are making the road better. The noise of battle is just over the hill. Shells are flying overhead.

Little girls and boys wearing brick-red loonghis (like sarongs) are patting the wet dirt road surface with bamboo sticks. Most of them are aged five or six, up to 10. Toddlers of two or three are naked. Here there is a little girl with a ring in her nose, wearing a red loonghi and her hair done up in a bun at the back, patting the road.

Here is another little girl, aged about three, naked, carrying an old jam tin full of water and pouring it on the road. There is a small boy, aged about seven, wearing a loin cloth, smoking a cigarette and chopping the side of the road with a mattock. His head is shaved.

Like a swarm of ants these children dodge out of the way of your truck as you come along, and most conscientiously pour water in front of you so that the truck won't raise the dust. There are only a few men among them and no women, because the Arakanese people are Moslems and the women are hidden from the world.

These Thirty Women are Busy Saving Lives

Valuable war work, without glamour or limelight, is being performed by women volunteers in an outhouse behind the Epsom High Street, Surrey. They are making camouflage netting, in eight-hour shifts, and the story of their activities is told by an Evening Standard reporter.

They never sit down when on duty five days a week. They never talk—unless in muffled accents which are almost indistinguishable. Their work is dirty and fatiguing, and they have not even the satisfaction of knowing where their output goes. But the articles they fashion are saving lives in all branches of the fighting Services. So they are cheerful and content.

They are making camouflage netting under the direction of the Ministry of Supply, which comes into the picture only at the beginning, when the material and designs are provided, and at the end, when a conveyance calls for the finished products. Each of these has its special purpose. Perhaps it is to conceal a gun, perhaps a lorry, perhaps a man. Or

A LEAF FROM NATURE'S BOOK has taught British experts how best to use camouflage in war. Netting is the base for most camouflage, and here (left) W.V.S. members who have taken over a London convent as a factory weave the deceptive patterns of coloured scrim (cloth strips made from textile scraps) which will conceal practically anything, anywhere. One of the many uses to which the camouflage netting is put is seen on the right where a 5th Army gun position on the Italian front has been skilfully screened from enemy reconnaissance. *Photos, Planet News, Keystone*

it may be an aeroplane or a searchlight or a hundred and one other things.

When I entered the premises these women, in dark overalls, were working skilfully and at high speed. Their noses and mouths were covered by cotton masks such as doctors and nurses wear in an operating theatre, to protect their throats against the dust.

They took bales of webbing, about 4 in. wide, to be wound on a machine. Next they carted them to a mechanical cutter and obtained their particular lengths. Then they stood in front of 14-ft. square frames, where the nets were affixed. And there they remained standing for hours, threading the coloured pieces in and out of the strands of the nets according to the intricate patterns allotted them.

Twenty-five nets are completed and dispatched each week. The one man who has contributed directly to the effort is the husband of one of the volunteers. He made the mechanical equipment. The men who have assisted indirectly are those whose disused razor blades have been acquired by their wives for active service in cutting odd shapes of binding.

It all began in a billiards room at the residence of Mrs. Turner, and it has been going on for two years. As the operations grew, the band of helpers moved to a barn. Now there is a bit more room. But no furniture, no comfort, no music while you work. Yet Miss M. Wilmer, who supervises the women's service, smiled happily as she praised her loyal helpers.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

FEBRUARY 2, Wednesday *1,614th day*

Italy.—Announced that a breakthrough in German Gustav Line running from Adriatic coast through Cassino to Tyrrhenian coast achieved by U.S. and French troops of 5th Army.

Russian Front.—Vanaluka and Krivaya Luka, 11 miles N. and S. of Narva, respectively, captured by troops of the Leningrad front under Gen. Govorov.

Pacific.—Announced that ten landings effected in the Marshall Islands on Jan. 31, by U.S troops and Marines with powerful naval and air support. Roi Island, in Kwajalein atoll, taken.

FEBRUARY 3, Thursday *1,615th day*

Italy.—Big German counter-offensive announced against Anzio beach-head.

Russian Front.—Encirclement of over 100,000 Germans in Kanyev area of Dnieper Bend announced.

FEBRUARY 4, Friday *1,616th day*

Italy.—American troops reached outskirts of Cassino. Four German counter-attacks against Anzio beach-head repulsed by 5th Army troops.

Mediterranean.—Toulon raided by Fortresses; French battle-cruiser Dunkerque reported hit.

Russian Front.—Trapped German divisions in Dnieper Bend compressed by surrounding Soviet forces. Coast of Gulf of Finland up to River Narva cleared of all remaining German troops.

Australasia.—In two days of Allied air attacks on Wewak, Rabaul and Madang (New Guinea), Japanese lost 109 aircraft.

Burma.—Japanese launched attack on Arakan front and took Taung Bazaar.

Pacific.—Parashumir, in the Kurile Islands, heavily shelled by U.S. naval units under Rear-Admi. W. D. Baker.

Air.—Frankfurt raided by escorted Fortresses and Liberators.

Sea.—Revealed that early in January, U.S cruiser Omaha and destroyers Jouett and Somers sank three German blockade runners in the Atlantic.

FEBRUARY 5, Saturday *1,617th day*

Russian Front.—Capture by Russians of Rovno, Luck, and Zdolbunov, W. of 1939 Polish frontier, announced.

Pacific.—U.S. 7th Division completed capture of Kwajalein, Ebeye and Loi Islands in the Marshall group. Stated that U.S. troops had captured 19 of the 32 islands in the Kwajalein atoll.

FEBRUARY 6, Sunday *1,618th day*

Russian Front.—Enemy Lower Dnieper defence line broken by troops of the Third Ukrainian Front after four days' fighting. Apostolovo and Marganets captured. Russians cleared Germans from east bank of Narva River. Helsinki (Finnish capital) bombed by 200 Soviet planes.

Pacific.—Gugegwe, Bigej and Ebler islands, in the Kwajalein atoll, taken by U.S. troops.

FEBRUARY 7, Monday *1,619th day*

Italy.—Capture of Pizzoferato and Montenerodomo by 8th Army announced. Violent enemy counter-attacks in Cisterna and Carroceto areas of Anzio beach-head repulsed by Allied troops.

Russian Front.—Ivanovka taken by Gen. Malinovsky's troops in the Dnieper Bend. Attempts by German 8th Army to break out of Kanyev pocket failed.

FEBRUARY 8, Tuesday *1,620th day*

Russian Front.—Nikopol and Znamenka captured by troops of 3rd and 4th Ukrainian Fronts. German Nikopol bridge-head on left bank of Dnieper liquidated and seven divisions routed.

Pacific.—Capture of whole of the Kwajalein atoll (Marshall Islands) by U.S. troops announced.

Air.—Frankfurt attacked by escorted Fortresses and Liberators for third time in eleven days. Limoges aero-engine works, 200 miles S. of Paris, raided at night by Lancasters.

FEBRUARY 9, Wednesday *1,621st day*

Italy.—Announced that Formia, on Italian west coast, bombarded from the sea several times recently.

Russian Front.—Orodezh, district centre of Leningrad region, occupied by Russian troops. Gorodishche, N. of Zvenigorodka, captured.

FEBRUARY 10, Thursday *1,622nd day*

Italy.—Bitter street fighting raged in Cassino. Some progress made.

Russian Front.—German 8th Army trapped in Kanyev pocket in middle Dnieper still further compressed by surrounding Soviet armies.

Australasia.—Australians in New Guinea advancing from Sio linked with U.S. troops at Yagomi, near Saidor.

Air.—Brunswick attacked by U.S. Fortresses. Fighter airfield at Gilze-Rijen (Holland) bombed by Liberators.

FEBRUARY 11, Friday *1,623rd day*

Italy.—5th Army troops returned ot the attack at Carroceto.

Russian Front.—Shepetovka, 35 miles E. of 1939 Polish frontier, captured by troops of Gen. Vatutin's command.

Air.—Frankfurt heavily raided by escorted Fortresses and Liberators.

Sea.—Announced that recently a convoy of 148 ships (escort included) reached N. Africa from Britain intact.

FEBRUARY 12, Saturday *1,624th day*

Russian Front.—Batetskaya, 15 miles E. of Luga on railway to Novgorod, taken by Russian troops. Luga, important centre in enemy's northern defence positions, captured by Red Army.

Australasia.—Rooke Island, between Huon Peninsula and New Britain, occupied by Allied forces.

FEBRUARY 13, Sunday *1,625th day*

Russian Front.—Announced that in five days of battle along shores and E. of Lake Peipus, towns of Gdov, Polna, and Lyady captured by Russians.

FEBRUARY 14, Monday *1,626th day*

Italy.—Fortresses, Mitchells, Marauders and Allied artillery heavily bombarded ancient monastery of Cassino, used as fort.

Mediterranean.—Announced that Brig. E. F. Davies, chief officer of Allied military mission to Albania, captured.

Russian Front.—Korsun, main centre of resistance for trapped Germans in Dnieper Bend, captured. German relief attacks N.W. of Zvenigorodka drove a small wedge into Soviet positions.

Australasia.—Green Islands, N. of Bougainville (Solomons), captured by New Zealand and American troops.

General.—Appointments announced: Lt.-Gen. Sir. A. F. South to be G.O.C.-in-C. Persia and Iraq; Lt.-Gen. Sir K. A. N. Anderson to be G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command; Lt.-Gen. W. D. Morgan to be G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command; Lt.-Gen. Sir H. C. Loyd to be G.O.C.-in-C. London District.

FEBRUARY 15, Tuesday *1,627th day*

Russian Front.—Gorodets and Erebryanka, S. and S.W. of Luga, taken by Soviet forces.

Air.—Berlin received heaviest raid yet (2,500 tons) in history.

Flash-backs

1940

February 12. *First Australian and New Zealand troops to reach the Middle East arrived at Suez.*

1941

February 7. *Italian divisions S. of Benghazi defeated in Battle of Soluk, near Gulf of Sirte.*

February 9. *Genoa bombarded by powerful units of the Royal Navy.*

February 15. *Kismayu (Italian Somaliland) captured by South African and East African troops.*

1942

February 15. *Japanese made large-scale sea landings in S. Sumatra.*

1943

February 8. *Red Army captured Kursk in drive to Ukraine.*

February 12. *Krasnodar, capital of the Kuban, taken by the Russians.*

February 14. *Capture of Rostov and Voroshilovgrad by Generals Malinovsky and Vatutin announced.*

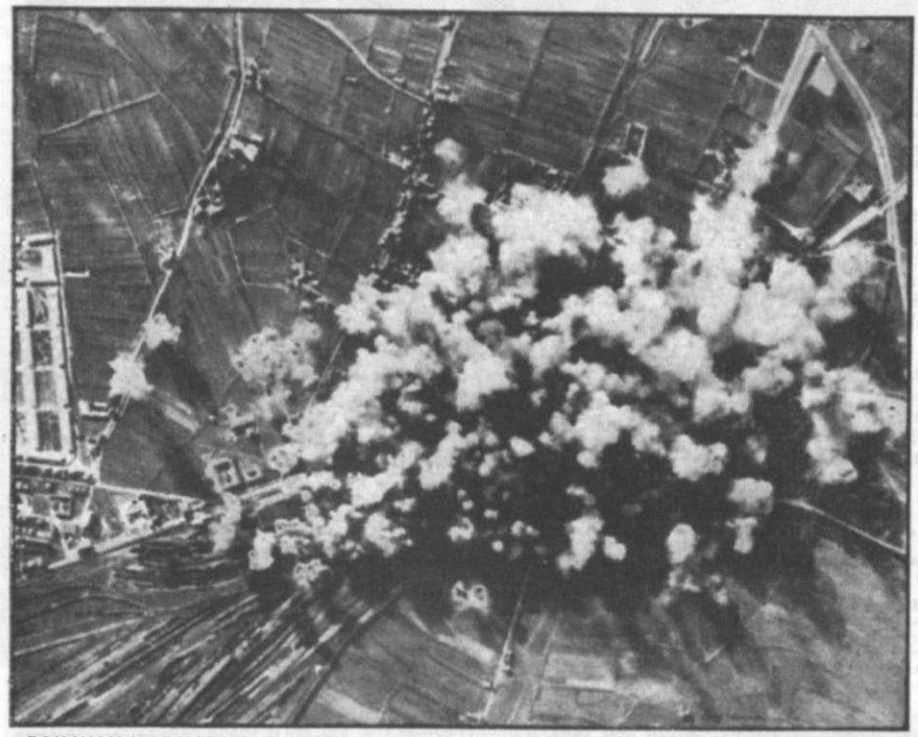
February 15. *Germans attacked the Faid Pass (Tunisia) and penetrated American positions.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

In my last article (page 604) I said I believed that a nation can be defeated in war by bombing. But I made certain provisos, for it is, of course, obvious that the bombers must be able to reach the targets whose destruction is necessary to produce conditions which will bring about the surrender of the enemy. And it is also necessary that the bombing shall be carried out rapidly in sufficient strength to do what is required.

This is well illustrated in the Pacific war zone. There, Japan has been attacked once only, by the Mitchell bombers led by "Jimmy" Doolittle from an American aircraft carrier. It should be noted that Mitchell bombers were Army machines, and that Doolittle is an Army officer. In this action the U.S. Navy returned to the original role of navies, which was to carry soldiers to sea to fight; that is very largely the role of all navies in the Pacific zone.



RAILWAY MARSHALLING YARD AT VERONA, Italy, spouts smoke in dense clouds as bombs are dropped dead on the target by Flying Fortresses of the 15th U.S.A.A.F., on Jan. 28, 1944. Verona is a vital link in the German communications system in the north-east of Italy, and Allied bombers have paid the rail yards special attention. *Photo, U.S. Official*

The importance of bombing Japan proper as a means to winning the war over that enemy is recognized. It has been mentioned by President Roosevelt as one of the aims of the Pacific war. It was referred to by Admiral Nimitz soon after the consolidation of the American landing in the Marshall Islands. "My objective," the American commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet said, "is to get ground and air forces into China." The Navy will push ahead and "try to land wherever we can in China." From Chinese bases, U.S. air forces will launch raids on Japan on the scale of those against Germany.

THERE are here several important points of strategy. First is the statement that the objective of the Navy is to get land and air forces into the Chinese mainland. To do that it is essential for the land and air forces to aid the Navy to succeed. The Navy cannot in one stride achieve the objective named by Admiral Nimitz. The distances are too great. It is imperative to build up a series of stepping stones across the Pacific, the world's largest ocean, to serve as bases for the carrier force.

It is perhaps doubtful if an attack on the Marshall Islands would have succeeded so swiftly before the reconquest of Papua, part of New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, and part of New Britain. For two reasons: one, the normal one of creating a dangerous salient, and the other the direct question of balance of forces. The battles of Midway Island, the Coral Sea, and those in Melanesia have worn down Japanese sea and air strength during a period when American strength has increased with great rapidity. American air power is now so dominant over the South-West Pacific that almost any operation by sea or land is possible.

Japanese ships are not safe in harbour or on the sea. Even under cover of night, when formerly the Japanese thought it safe to run supplies to their forces on the islands in small craft, the enemy supply line is being steadily broken. Aircraft operating with powerful searchlights (as they do when hunting the German submarines in the North Atlantic zone) constantly seek these supply craft and destroy them. The Japanese forces in some of the islands are reported to be suffering from this blockade—in which submarines play a part—to the point of starvation and shortage of military supplies.

AIRFIELDS Swiftly Conjured out of Virgin Territory

Thus the United Nations' commanders-in-chief in the various south-west Pacific zones can determine that the enemy will be in a difficult position to resist before an attack is launched. Success can be almost guaranteed before operations are begun, by the employment of air power in adequate strength.

It is important to observe that every move made in this area is concerned initially with the capture of airfields or of terrain where airfields can be swiftly made. The machinery available to modern military engineering is so efficient that airfield engineers can conjure an airfield good enough for fighter operation out of virgin territory with astonishing speed. But if the enemy is in possession of an airfield it is desirable to capture it at the earliest possible moment after the beginning of an attack, because this is the best means of neutralizing his air power.

EXPERIENCE in the war everywhere has shown the need to increase the range of heavy bombers and high-performance fighters, so that strategic bombardment from the air can be applied almost irrespective of distance, and enemy air power pressed far back from any zone of surface fighting. Where suitable aircraft are not available, or where air bases are too distant from the operational zone, the solution is to be found in the employment of aircraft carriers. The aircraft carrier is, however, an incomplete answer to the problem, because it limits the size of aircraft and therefore imposes a limit upon the size of bomb that can be used.

GETTING Our Bombers Into Position to Batter Japan

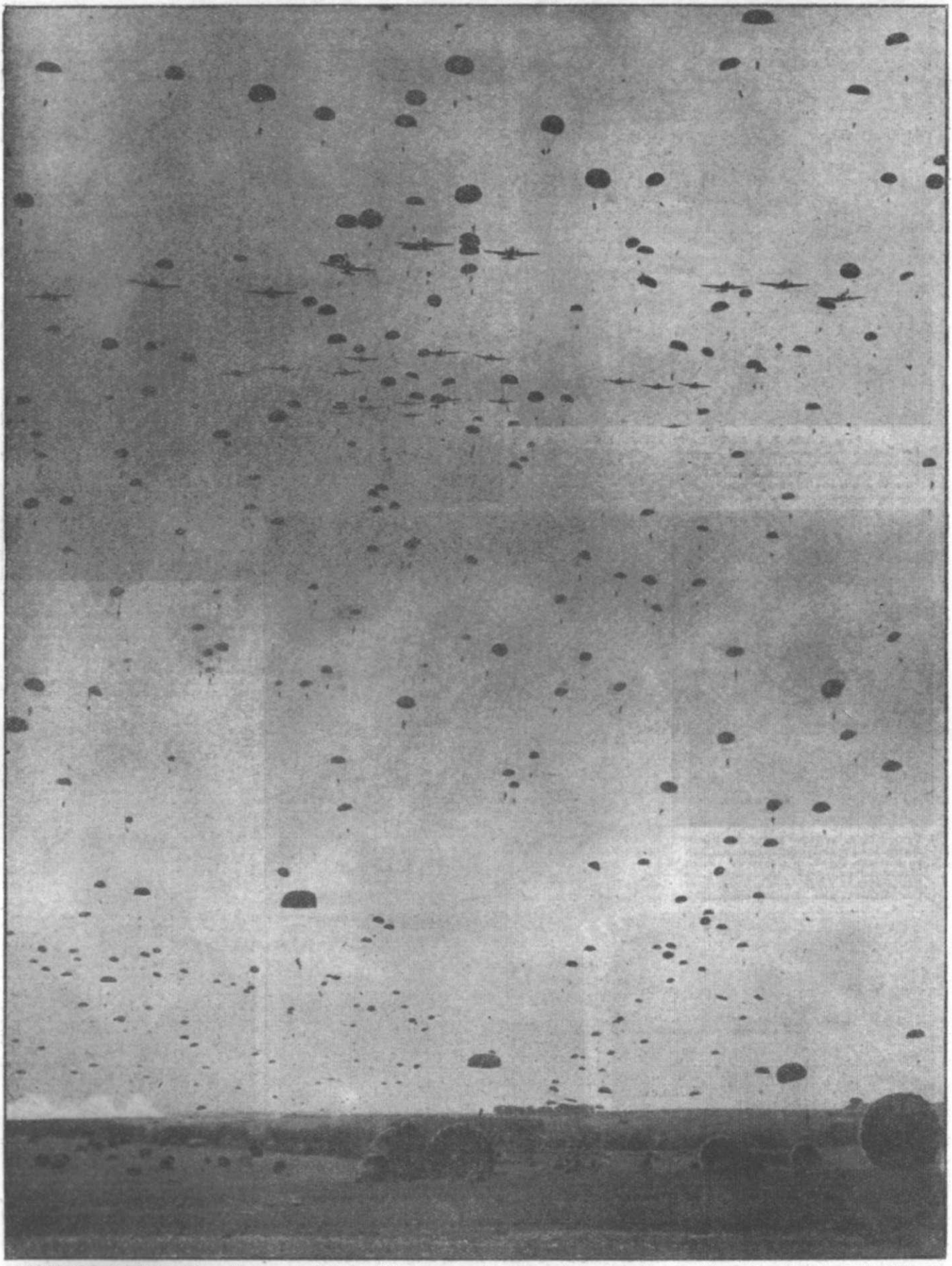
Moreover, the floating airfield is handicapped when operating against a powerful land-based air force, if only for the reason that the latter's airfields are unsinkable. That is why it is necessary to get aircraft on to shore-based airfields in China before the Japanese industrial targets between Tokyo and Nagasaki can be properly assailed from the air, with sufficient strength and rapidity to bring about the destruction of the Japanese war machine, and create the requisite conditions for Japanese surrender.

Yet we have seen how the combined aircraft and warship bombardment of the atoll of Kwajalein, the Japanese main naval and air base and administrative centre in the Marshall Islands, caused the death of half the garrison and so made its fall to the Americans with remarkably light casualties a foregone conclusion. This shows that it is possible in the present state of Japanese air strength to bring to bear against such "outposts" a concentration of sea-borne air-power sufficient to cause their fall in collaboration with the operations of sea and land forces. But it should not be forgotten that these actions are merely an opening in a longer-term strategy of getting the heavy bombers into position to bombard Japan. That is the objective. The capture of Kwajalein atoll is an incident.

THE surrender of Italy was almost directly brought about by air bombardment. It was perhaps symptomatic that our occupational forces were not ready to follow up with sufficient speed to take full advantage of the strategic opening given them by air power. I have already in these notes referred to the lack of faith in air power which has delayed the fullest possible air bombardment of Germany. Let us hope that we shall have learned our lesson by the time the bombers get into position for their master-stroke against Japan. For Japan can be beaten by air power used as we now know how to use it. Although geography demands that naval and land forces must aid the air to get into position to defeat Japan, when once that bombardment begins I do not expect that America will repeat the mistake that we have made over the strength and frequency of our attacks on Germany.

Meanwhile, Allied forces in India, Burma and China prepare to aid Admiral Nimitz's strategy. General Joseph Stilwell, commanding U.S. ground forces in India, says that transport aircraft will land supplies on new Chinese airfields for a full-scale offensive to support Nimitz's westward thrust. Dual objective—mainland air bases from which to attack Japan.

Massed Airborne Troops Descend on England



DROPPING INTO BATTLE from the sky came British and Canadian parachute troops during a recent great airborne invasion rehearsal in England. Amid the billowing parachutes are twenty-five planes of the U.S. Army Air Force Troops Carrier Command Squadron which dropped the men over the " battle " area. A number have landed and are preparing for immediate action. Allied parachute troops have gained distinction in several actions in the Tunisian campaign and in Italy, but mass use against the Germans has yet to be staged.

New York Times Photos

Decorated for Services Rendered in the Air

Actg. S./Ldr. P. J. E. RITCHIE, D.F.C., R.A.F.
For " great skill and qualities of leadership " which he displayed particularly during one operation when, leading a fighter escort to a force of torpedo-carrying aircraft attacked by enemy planes, he prevented the latter from achieving their aim of destroying the torpedo-carriers, he was awarded the D.F.C. in May 1943.

Actg. W-Cmdr. L. COHEN, D.S.O., D.F.C., M.C., R.A.F.V.R.
Air Liaison Officer to the Royal Navy since 1940, W-Cmdr. Cohen has taken part in many sorties, ranging from the Norwegian coast to the North African coast and has acted as air-gunner and observer. Aged 68, the D.F.C. was added to his other decorations for " his magnificent example to all."

P./O. J. E. F. WRIGHT, D.F.C., R.A.F.
Aged 21, he is the first film cameraman to win the D.F.C. in this war. With 35 operational sorties to his credit, he has produced valuable film records of the Sicilian and Italian campaigns.

Flt.-Sgt. F. E. MATHERS, C.G.M., R.A.A.F.
During a raid in June 1943 on Mulheim, German iron-working centre, the bomber he was piloting had two of its engines put out of action, and its controls shot away. He brought the disabled aircraft home, shooting down an enemy fighter on the way.

P./O. R. C. DUNSTAN, D.S.O., R.A.A.F.
P./O. Dunstan lost a leg in fighting at Tobruk on Jan. 15, 1941. Discharged, he later joined the R.A.F. as an air-gunner, and, despite his handicap, took part in many hazardous operations.

Actg. S./Ldr. A. W. BARR, D.F.C., R.A.A.F.
" Outstanding qualities of leadership and devotion to duty " earned for him a Bar to his Distinguished Flying Cross.

Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright

Editor's Postscript

A PROMINENT member of the Labour Party once defined Socialism to me—I had asked him to tell me in a sentence what it meant—as "Doing Things for Ourselves." If that is correct, the British Restaurants, of which there are now over 2,000 all over the country (although a number have recently been closed), must be called a Socialistic experiment, though most of those who run them and serve in them, whether as paid or voluntary helpers, would repudiate the suggestion vehemently. They are a striking illustration of doing things for ourselves. They serve not far short of 600,000 meals a day, mostly in the middle of the day, though some open again in the evening. So far as my experience goes the meals are excellent. Naturally they are not all up to the same standard either of cooking or variety of choice. Some have tables daintily covered, with flowers on them; others are not quite so trim. But in general they could hardly be improved upon. What will be done about them after the war, many people are now wondering.

ARE Socialism and Trade Unionism opposed to one another? It looks more and more like it. Take this illustration from Russia. A young woman working in a large ball-bearing factory was constantly hearing about the shortage of labour, which is felt in the U.S.S.R. as well as here. She thought a lot about it and came to the conclusion that too many people were being employed on her particular job.

She was leader of a factory "brigade," so she reduced the number of those she led by half, and then she made this smaller force work so hard that they produced four times as much as the "brigade" had turned out before. Just think what the old-fashioned British or American trade union leader would say about that! The Russians have realized that the national interest must come before any sectional interest, even if it means doing more work with fewer workers. Some discovery!

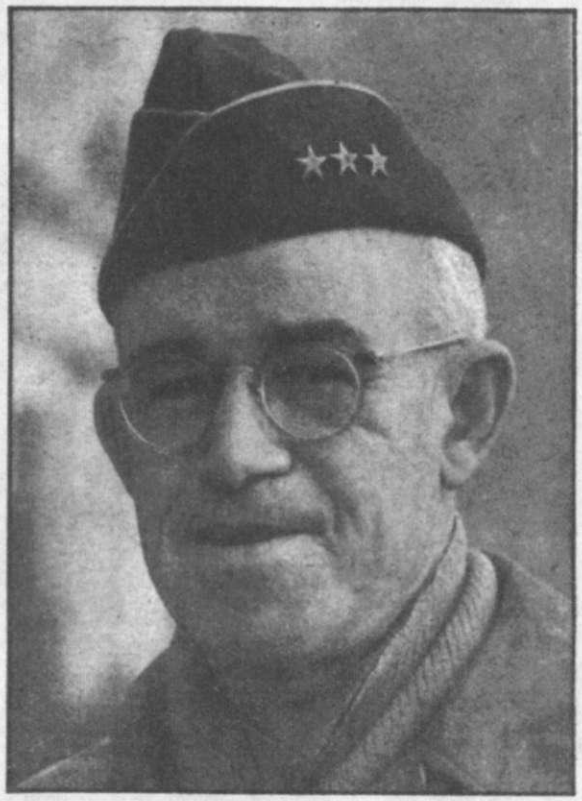
MR. HAROLD NICHOLSON, M.P., put into circulation among his fellow-legislators an amusing story the other day. He was coming back to London in a train that was packed during an all-night journey. In the early morning he found himself in the corridor next to a Polish airman. They began to talk, and the M.P. said "Isn't it fine and rather wonderful the cheerful, good-tempered way our people suffer discomfort of this kind?" To which the Pole swiftly answered with one bitter word which he jerked out with disdainful rage: "Sheeps!"

"THE Future of Cricket" is to be considered by a committee which the Marylebone Cricket Club has nominated. This committee consists of amateurs, or "Gentlemen," as they are called still, to distinguish them from "Players," that is, professional cricketers. This has called forth some unfavourable comment. There certainly seems every reason why those who are really most concerned in such matters as Sunday matches, one of the points the committee is to discuss, should take part in the discussion. But the exclusion of the professionals by the M.C.C. is no surprise.

The line of demarcation between Gentlemen and Players has always been insisted on firmly at Lord's (the celebrated match ground at St. John's Wood). They are an autocratic body, the governing council of the M.C.C. I have always been amused by the notices they put up on the gates, worded like Tsarist rescripts in the old days of monarchy in Russia. By the way, an exhibition game of cricket was played last year in Moscow before a large crowd of spectators. Their verdict was that as a game it was "rather too slow." Many people here think that too.

WHAT Nissen huts are like to live in now I do not know from experience, though I hear them spoken of by some men with approval. But I know what they were like when they were used first—in the last war soon after they had been invented by a serving officer of Danish extraction, Lt.-Col. Peter N. Nissen, D.S.O., of the R.E.'s. The idea seemed a good one. Instead of making a four-sided hut out of corrugated iron roofing, which involved a lot of cutting and fixing in position, Lt.-Col. Nissen took a sheet of corrugated iron, bent it into a half-circle, filled up the ends with more roofing, and there was your hut! The chief drawbacks were that it was desperately hot when the summer sun shone powerfully on it, and piercingly cold in winter. My recollection, however, is of a quarter-century ago, and I am assured that extensive improvements have now been effected in these huts, which then filled and again are filling such great and varied needs. Easily transported in sections, speedily erected and, when necessary, dismantled and removed to other positions, their utility is obvious.

WHAT a fresh torment to railway travel has been added by the station announcers whose voices rumble overhead and for the most part, in my experience, give no help at all because, perhaps, I may be going a bit deaf; their accents, sometimes hoarse and unpleasing, sometimes ladylike and mincing, but often quite agreeable or amusing, have on many passengers a merely disturbing effect. Amid the bustle and hurried coming-and-going which prevail in all big stations nowadays, the monotonous recital of the names of places, coming from the roof, creates that feeling of tension which "noises off" are always apt to produce. At one Underground station I occasionally use the loudspeaker voice almost terrifies! The novelty was introduced in order to save the station staffs from being too much interrogated by passengers about their trains. But just as many flustered men and women—especially men, I think—seem to be asking questions, often quite unnecessary questions, of the harassed porters, guards and ticket-inspectors. The good order and absence of agitation and excitement at the London termini and those in other big cities is very remarkable. People wait patiently, they move about methodically, they most of them take the trouble to look at indicator boards or posters to find out about their trains. I would have children taught to do that at school.



Lieut.-General OMAR BRADLEY, D.S.M., whose appointment to command the U.S. Army in the Field under General Eisenhower was announced on Jan. 17, 1944. Now 50 years old, he led the American Second Corps throughout the Tunisian campaign, and it was to him that the German General Krause, Afrika Korps artillery commander, surrendered unconditionally in May 1943. *Photo, Associated Press*

A TOWN near which I live received a consignment of oranges, and all the children seemed to be sucking them and throwing away the peel. I really should have liked to see a collection of it made. Now that candied peel of the sort that was so good in puddings and cakes is unprocurable, orange peel makes a very fair substitute. And although these oranges were not the kind used for marmalade of the best quality, their peel could have been used to stiffen and flavour. It went to my heart (or should I say, to my stomach?) to see this waste. The Ministry of Food advocates the use of the peel because "there is twice as much Vitamin C in the peel of an orange as in the flesh or juice."

INCONGRUOUS are some of the contrasts between what different units of our soldiers are doing in these days of hard fighting and expectation of still more fiercely-contested engagements to come. I have had a letter from a young friend of mine who was a light opera singer and a clever actor as well. He is in South Africa, and he spends a large part of his time carrying on his peacetime occupation. Very sensible of the authorities to let him take part in entertainments, considering that there cannot be very much to do in the soldiering line out there.

I SUPPOSE it was bound to be revived—that old controversy: Are the Guards regiments really smarter in peace and better fighters in war than regiments of the Line? It always crops up in wartime. No conclusion is ever come to, the reason being that no yardstick exists by which we can measure the respective merits of the two competitors. More trouble is taken to keep Guardsmen spick and span when they are in barracks. But as to their qualities in battle, I don't believe—nor do they really believe themselves—that these are superior to the rest of the combatant forces. It is interesting that in all the countries troops known as Guards should have so high a reputation; even the U.S.S.R. is no exception to this. They were originally Household Guards, raised by sovereigns for their own protection, who picked the best they could get. So the legend started, and it survives today. Once our Brigade of Guards did require its recruits to be taller and better developed physically than the general run. But that, I learn, has been dropped for the duration of the war.

Tight-Packed with Trouble for the Japanese

CRAMMED TO UTMOST CAPACITY with U.S. Marines, lorries, jeeps, water and water-purifying tanks, oil drums, barbed wire, rafts and food-canisters for dropping from the air, this shallow-draught, ocean-crossing L.S.T. (landing ship, tank), only half of which appears in the photograph, heads for the Cape Gloucester area, New Britain, where a landing was effected on Dec. 26, 1943. A bridgehead was established and Japanese air-strips were captured, from which to continue pounding enemy positions there and in New Guinea. **See story in p. 601.** *Photo, Associated Press*

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—March 3, 1944. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.